THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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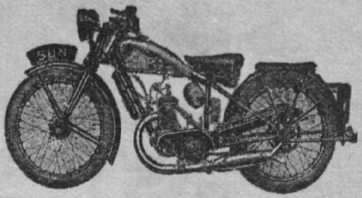

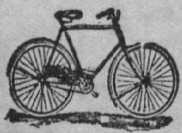

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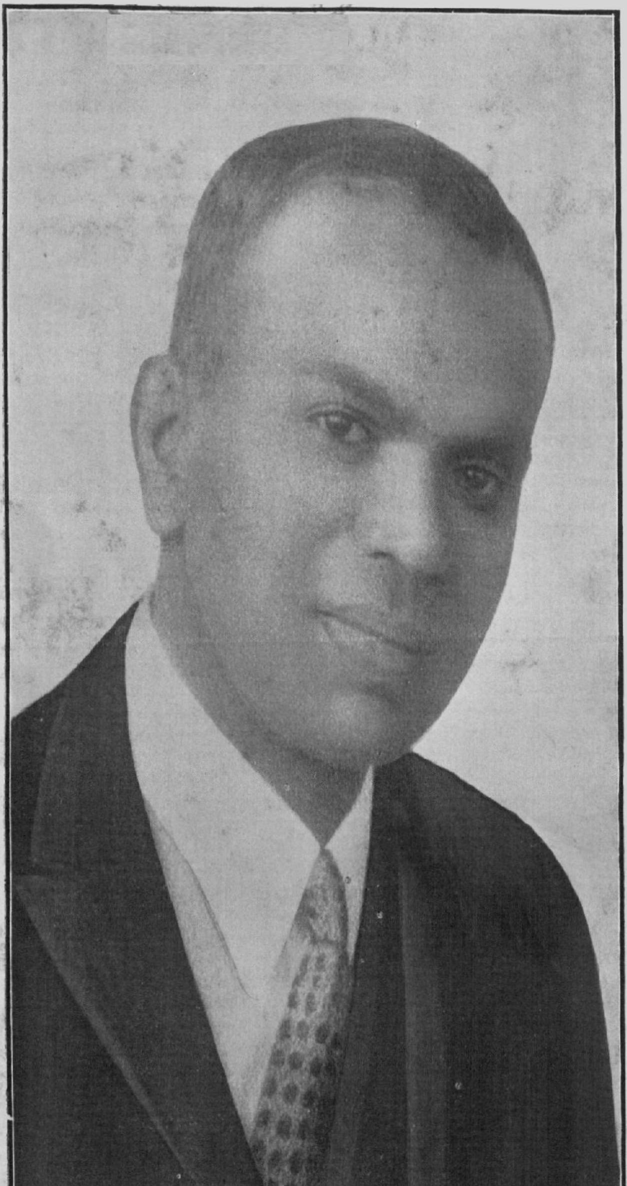

THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1936

Dr. THEODORE

OUR beloved Vice-Principal was taken from us, with only a few hours' warning, shortly after 7 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, February 27th. It is not possible, so soon after the shock, to record what manner of man he was or to express the sense of loss that is felt by all who knew him. That sad task must wait for another time. Meanwhile we send out the *Magazine* as far as possible in the usual form, convinced that such would have been his own wish. The unavoidable signs of haste and the slight delay in publication will, we are sure, be forgiven.

A Prayer

We thank Thee, our Father, for our dear friend whom Thou hast taken to another of Thy many mansions. We praise Thee for all that we can still share with him. Like him, we adore the same Father, we glory in the same matchless Redeemer, we run upon the errands of the same heavenly King. Along with him, though it be with dimmer vision, we can watch with glad eyes the victory that even now overcometh—Death's sting gone, the Tempter being crushed, wise and foolish being born again, crosses gleaming like crowns, the weak confounding the mighty, the dear Lord Jesus seeing of the travail of His soul. We thank Thee, too, for the trust that our friend hath left to us, in the loyal honouring of which we still may have comradeship with him, by taking thought for those whom he loved, standing for the causes which he served, living out the faith in which he lived and died.

We praise Thee for the grace given him to run his earthly race so well. We praise Thee for happy memories of pleasant intercourse, loyal comradeship, high endeavour and selfless devotion. And for those whose share in that happiness of fellowship was the richest, and whose loss is now the sorest—his gracious helpmeet, his little children, his aged parents—we pray that Thou wilt assuage their anguish, that Thou wilt bountifully supply all their need, and that Thou wilt enable them increasingly to rejoice in the certainty of a glorious resurrection.

OUTSIDE THESE COLLEGE WALLS[1]

BY THE PRINCIPAL

At the College Service every Sunday evening we pray for the former students who have gone forth from our midst to serve 'in the wider arena of life outside these College walls.' At all times we think of them with affection and pride, but perhaps most of all at this time of year when we are sending out a new detachment to join their army. What message of cheer shall we utter as we speed the fresh reinforcement on its way?

I believe that the biggest snare they will have to face is the sense of having to wage a lonely warfare as they seek (in the words of our College Prayer) to serve God manfully in His world; for they are exchanging a comradeship which has been visible and tangible for one that is much less palpable. So the parting message that they need is one which may banish loneliness and make them conscious of belonging to a mighty though invisible company.

There is an arresting little old-world tale preserved in the Second Book of Kings (vi. 8–23) about the prophet Elisha and his servant. When the latter rose one morning, he was dismayed to find the town beleaguered by an army, intent on seizing the person of the prophet. But Elisha said to his servant, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And then the servant's eyes were opened, 'and he saw, and behold! the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.' Might a similar vision be granted to the comrades who are bidding us farewell? As they leave these College precincts, may they take with them, as a parting gift, the conviction that around each loyal servant of the true, the good and the beautiful there is ranged an invisible company stronger far than any that is opposed to him?

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of learning how to escape from the illusion of moral solitariness. Let a sorely tempted man once begin to conceive of the moral life as a lonely struggle to be true to ideas of the honourable and right which other people do not share, and all the pith will go out of his morality. For he will then begin to wonder whether sacrifice for the sake of these ideals is not quixotic rather than noble. When David Hume described morality as constituting 'the *party* of humankind against vice or disorder, its common enemy,' he was laying his finger on quite an essential feature of our moral nature. Morality is essentially a social thing. This does not mean that it is not at the same time deeply personal—an individual loyalty to the right and the good. Yet it is a loyalty in which we are conscious of standing shoulder to shoulder with others who share the same loyalty. Take away this sense of solidarity or comradeship, and you take the heart out of it.

The social nature of morality is perhaps most plainly evident in its

[1] The sermon preached at the Farewell Devotional Service, March 4, 1935.

early beginnings. If instead of being sons of the modern world, we had been members of some primitive tribe, our notion of good conduct would have been little more than that it was the kind of behaviour which our own tribe expected of all its members. And even in the morals of to-day it is easy to trace the element of solidarity. Take schoolboy morality. What are the virtues in which the schoolboy is strong? Not always those which his schoolmaster expects of him. In many cases he will think nothing of tricking his teacher, and of employing underhand ways of escaping penalties and getting better marks than he deserves. And yet the very same youth who is so weakly unscrupulous in these respects may in other ways be finely scrupulous, may be morally incapable of telling tales against his class-mates and ready to sacrifice much for the sake of screening fellow-offenders. What is the explanation of this combination of moral strength and weakness? If a boy does not mind tricking his form-master to gain a small benefit, why is he so particular about not giving away his class-mates? It is because conduct of the latter kind is regarded by school opinion as 'something which no decent fellow does.' It is because his school-mates expect him not to act in that way and trust him not to do so. Or again, take the case of the young man about town. His is not a high ethical standard. He idles away his time. He is self-indulgent. Perhaps he is given to drink, perhaps to gambling. But there are some things he will not do. He will not cheat at cards, and no matter how remiss he may be about settling his tradesmen's bills, he will not shirk paying his gambling debts. Against misconduct in these directions he is fortified by the attitude of the people who make up his immediate world, the companions who share his amusements and whose confidence he values. Into the faults which they count venial, he can be easily seduced, but he would despise himself for doing the actions which, in their eyes, would put him beyond the pale.

It would not be difficult to adduce examples from other ethical levels, but perhaps enough has been said to illustrate the essentially social nature of morality. We all find it much easier to live up to the standard which society regards as essential to good form than to be consistent in our practice of virtues which have not yet come to be looked upon as indispensable. It is true of course that real goodness consists not in doing what our fellows think right but in doing what we ourselves think right. But these ideas of our own about what is right are never regarded by us as merely our own private notions about what is admirable. Always we conceive them to be identical with what would be expected of us by the best of our fellowmen and by God who is over all. Even where it is most personal, morality remains social.

So I am brought back to the note on which this farewell message opened. Many of you students who are about to go out into 'the wider arena of life outside these College walls' may presently find yourselves in situations in which you will be apt to discover that your morality has lost some of its pith. At College you have been members of a great community which regards scrupulous honesty and honourableness as quite indispensable virtues. We trust each other to be straight and true, and we are shocked if ever we find the expectation

mistaken. But it is no secret that the case is largely otherwise in the wider life outside. In business, in the services, even in the professions, there is, alas! a great deal of deeply entrenched crookedness. Corruption, the taking of bribes and commissions, the unscrupulous use of what is politely called 'influence'—all these evils are notoriously widespread. And so it is certain that many of you are going to find yourselves in circles where, instead of being *expected and trusted* to be honest and straight, you will be expected to be crooked yourselves and to aid and abet crookedness in others.

When any one of you does find himself in such a situation, there is real danger of a weakening of his moral fibre. It is comparatively easy to live straight when your comrades expect and trust you to do so. But when your comrades in a service do *not expect* you to be honest; when scrupulous straightness earns from your fellows not respect but unpopularity and suspicion, right living becomes desperately difficult. You experience a moral solitariness that makes you to begin to wonder whether the duty of keeping your hands clean is really duty after all.

Yet you will not really be alone. This assurance is what I wish to pass on as a farewell message. That sense of moral solitariness is an illusion, and I wish to suggest some ways of escaping the illusion, or of dispelling it if it arises.

The first is to keep reminding yourself that you are one of us still, and that we here are counting on you. We are trusting you to live straight and expecting that you will prove worthy of that trust. Yes, and we are praying for you too. I am not thinking only of the prayer 'For our Old Boys' that we say every Sunday: 'Strengthen them to meet victoriously all temptation, enable them for the faithful performance of their life-work, and may they ever, without fear of man, follow steadfastly where duty, right and honour lead.' I am *not thinking only* of such set and public prayers. For unless you imagine that our professions about character-building being the supreme object of our College are the merest eyewash, can you possibly *suppose that we, your former teachers,* will not be much in private prayer for those who have gone from our midst? Were our 'Old Boys' to fail in the test of character provided by 'the wider arena', that would mean that our life-work was wasted. How, then, can we help praying for you?

A second way of fighting the illusion of moral solitariness is by ever reminding yourself of the great 'crowd of witnesses' spoken of in Hebrews xi. 1—the martyrs of the past who, having themselves run the race of life so nobly, are eagerly, hopefully, sympathetically watching you run yours. Try to make of that invisible comradeship a heartening spiritual reality for yourself. It may be that in the neighbourhood where you are stationed, you fail to light upon any like-minded comrades in the flesh, but that is no reason why you should not have them in the spirit by feeding your mind with good reading. Study well-written biographies of the good and great. Read the finer literature. Pore over the pages of the Bible—that treasure-house of the deepest experiences and insights of the human race. Quite probably you may be unable to purchase many books, but it is possible to draw much inspiration from a well-chosen and well-used few. Has new unhappy experience

begun to convince you that the rogues are many, and the honest men hard to find? Well, even if you are driven into conceiving that to be true, why should you let mere numbers affright you? Even suppose it solid fact that the dishonest are more numerous than the honest, still it remains true that the honest are the only ones that have counted for much; only by them has the world made any solid progress. They have been and are *the* prevailing force in social, economic and political evolution. To them, and to them alone, has been due whatever real advance the world has achieved. And you can have their company by so simple a means as reading!

As a third refuge from the weakening effect of moral solitude, keep on the watch for signs of likemindedness somewhere and make the most of any that you find. It will be a great strength to you if, in your service or profession or business, you can discover even one colleague with whom you may share troubles, discuss morally perplexing situations, and perhaps even make covenant to adhere to some thought-out principle, whatever it may cost.

Above all, seek to find Him who is, at the same time, looking for you—the great Divine Friend who is ready to trust you to be faithful to the highest, and to renew His trust after any confessed and repented failure. Without this, it is indeed possible that you may learn to feel that you are not quite alone. Becoming conscious of a spiritual bond with the invisible company of those who have nobly endured, you may lose the sense of isolation and know yourself one of a worthy brotherhood. But not till you have met the Divine Friend, and been enlisted by Him in His great Order of the Comrades of His Cross, may you rightly know for certain, like Elisha the prophet, that they that are with us count for immeasurably more than the time-servers who are against us. There is no source of moral strength comparable to the discovery that the very God, who knows our weakness and unworthiness, nevertheless trusts us to be true to all that is highest, and is willing to use us in His service.

> One who is all unfit to count
> As scholar in Thy school,
> Thou of Thy love hast named a friend—
> O kindness wonderful!
>
> So weak am I, O gracious Lord,
> So all unworthy Thee,
> That even the dust upon Thy feet
> Outweighs me utterly.
>
> If there is aught of worth in me,
> It comes from Thee alone;
> Then keep me safe, for so, O Lord,
> Thou keepest but Thine own.

CAN TRUE RELIGION BE TOLERANT?

By R. S. Macnicol

When this question is put to us, our immediate answer will probably be, 'Of course it can, and must be'; but it is worth while thinking out for ourselves the significance of the question, more especially as it matters a great deal in the problems of social life in India today. For the question is not really so easy to answer, and we must be quite sure that we know what tolerance is, and whether we can apply it to every sphere of life in the true way.

I

There are certain ways of living which some people call tolerant, but which are really quite wrongly so called. A man goes about his work from day to day, and cannot help discovering that the world is full of dishonesty and unnecessary suffering, of cruelty and immorality. He feels helpless in the face of it all, and says to himself, 'Well, it is none of my business. If I were to try to do anything, I would only make enemies: trouble will be stirred up. It is much better to leave these things alone.' Or perhaps we can hear him say, 'What can one man do? I've no influence. These practices have a strong hold on the community, and it would be futile to stop them. So we must just be tolerant.'

A better name for this sort of attitude would be weakness or cowardice: or if we like we can call it indifference. And what has true religion to do with these qualities? Besides, if a man inwardly disapproves of a condition of life or a custom, but does nothing outwardly to show what he really believes, should we not rather give this behaviour its real name, and label it dishonesty?

II

Again, we have heard it said that there is no religion higher than truth. We can all agree there: but what, after all, is meant by that? Does it mean that we must be tolerant of all sorts of views of the truth? A well-known American writer tells the story of an Oriental University to which a visitor came. He asked one of the professors there whether they taught their students that the earth went round the sun, or that the sun went round the earth. And the answer was, 'Your Excellency, on that point we are entirely liberal—we teach both.'

Can we call this tolerance,—this dead neutrality typical of people who cannot, or dare not, make up their minds? Some might give it the more honest name of laziness. Perhaps there would be fewer problems in the world today if there was less laziness of thought. And since this attitude arises from some lack of conviction, it can have no place in true religion. There are people today who repeat the parrot-cry, 'All religions are the same in the end.' If this attitude is not due to mental laziness or mental cowardice, it is at least due to an unwillingness to face facts. I suppose we should all agree that an elephant is not the same as a tram-car. Yet if you stand far enough away, they will look pretty much the same. If religion is real, something based on a conviction about the real world, then it has no place for such half-hearted attitudes.

III

Tolerance in religion, then, may be an attempt to be broad-minded, but this must not be mistaken for inability to make up one's mind. The world needs men who can see one thing clearly, and are willing to spend their lives aiming at that one thing. This may mean that other things have to be forgotten, in the intense and earnest struggle to make real the one thing that matters. We may remember Browning, speaking in the *Grammarian's Funeral*, of the man who let the world slip by in his eager grasp after the one thing that mattered to him.

That low man goes on adding one
  to one,
 His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million
 Misses a unit.

To believe in something with all one's heart may often mean that one is blind to other things. All the great adventurers and pioneers in the world have been men who have in some way or other been intolerant in this way. Filled with a burning sincerity, they can often only see one side of a question, but they get things done. They act without hesitation. They are always liable to criticism by lesser men, but without that sincerity which led to intolerance, they could not have achieved what they did.

The world does not progress through its lawyers and legalists,—good and necessary though their work may be. The world moves on under the leadership of its prophets, intolerant men who cannot bear to let things be, but must forever be disturbing our lazy indifference because they have dreamed of something better. These are the men who have moved the world: they have seen one thing clearly, and have preached it furiously and acted in the light of it. Men who have that kind of conviction are never mere benevolent neutrals who sit and smile and let the world go by —they are partisans; they are often prejudiced, and yet they carry the world nearer to the truth in the end.

IV

This kind of intolerance is needed to-day: it is the intolerance of real religion. God reveals Himself in many ways, and there is no people on earth to whom He has not given His revelation, but there are some things which He allows us to know and some He does not. He will tell us what we need to know (if we are sincerely looking for that knowledge), but He may not always tell us what we want to know. This is because we are so anxious to know things as *God* knows them, and that is impossible. We are not God: we are only God's creatures; we are simply dependent upon Him for everything. Now this means that we cannot really be God-like in anything, not even in our tolerance. Sometimes we think of God as one above all the strains and stresses of life here, above all the intolerance and passion, just because He knows everything. He sees everything. He sees both sides of every human question.

We are not quite right in thinking of God in this way, but the point is not that. The point is that God's knowledge is something quite different from that of His children,—from yours and mine. However much we strive, our knowledge can only be creaturely, dependent knowledge, and we can never know as God knows. But we do not need to; for we know unmistakably the one *thing* that matters, the fact that He loves us.

'Teach us . . . so to know Thee that we may truly love Thee,' is the prayer of one who seeks the truth.

And the consequence of this knowledge is that we cannot tolerate everything, for there are things which God Himself will not tolerate. The knowledge which God gives us will never help us to tolerate suffering in others. It will compel us to say, 'Let us, with all our energy and passion seek to relieve suffeiing and remove its causes. It will help us to see sin as a disease which ought to have no place in the world that God is creating.'

Can true religion be tolerant? Never of such things as sin and suffering, because they contradict the will of God who is as intolerant of evil as light is of darkness.

V

But perhaps intolerance suggests something rather different. Perhaps the word suggests a religious attitude of superiority, so that a tolerant man says to his friend, 'Let us not be intolerant of each other's religion: You may believe as you like, but let me also believe as *I* like.'

If this is not mere indifference (it very often is), it may be a very fine and true attitude, provided it be based on those two divine qualities, humility and love. For it is not nearly good enough to say to a man, 'Let us each believe what we like.' None of us would care to say that to a savage whose religious customs sanction human or animal sacrifice. Mahatma Gandhi does not take up this attitude to a man whose religion teaches untouchability. If this is a true attitude of tolerance, it must be based on a humility which admits that the other man may possibly be right, after all. We Christians need much of that humility because we constantly forget that Christ does not belong to us. No, we belong to Him.

And again, the man who is tolerant because he knows that intolerance is often opposed to love, is being tolerant for a fine reason. Yet is there not an intolerance which is *not* opposed to love? Does it not show itself in the love of a man who will not shut his eyes to sin, a man whose love will not let him be indifferent to evil? That is God's own way of love, exerting itself at any cost against what is wrong, simply in order to save what is right and lovely. No religious tolerance goes far enough unless it gets beyond indifference and the go-as-you-please attitude, to the go-as-God-wills life. Nothing less will do.

VI

What then is the tolerance of true religion? Clearly it is based on something which allows many different points of view; and yet it is not based on mere ignoring of differences. It is based on an intolerance of all dishonesty and pretence. It is based on something which gives no preference to self or nation or race.

The tolerant man is one who can tolerate all evil done to himself but cannot tolerate evil done to others. He is not weak and indifferent but strong and full of eager enthusiasm. He is willing to let his friends choose their way, and is not resentful when their choice differs from his own, but he will not cease to try to win them to good, should their choice be evil. In a word, toleration is the attitude which springs from meekness, and the meek are those strong and courageous people who with reasonable and generous action follow Him in whom they believe, and inherit His possessions on earth.

THE FIRST OF THE MAURYAS

By C. V. Venkatadri, *Class IV, Group iv-A.*

The end of the Nandas had at last come.

There was confusion and chaos throughout the Magadha empire. The rebels triumphantly entered the capital, Pataliputra; and that day saw the beginning of the end. Fire and sword began their work. The shrieks of those who were mercilessly slaughtered, the sighs and groans of those who had lost their family, children and property, were mingled with the thunderous noise of falling castles and palaces. Now and then could be heard the wild shrieks of joy of the rebel hillmen whom it was always dangerous to provoke but fruitless to resist. And while the shooting flames sent out curling smoke everywhere, the scourges of God performed their wild war-dance. Never before had history recorded in her pages such a tremendous revolution; it shook the very foundations of the vast empire of the Nine Nandas.

Three days had passed. Chandra Gupta Maurya looked with smiling eyes from the tower-room in the fortress, across the devastated area where even now could be seen, occasionally, a solitary flame in search of something to appease its everlasting appetite. It was always dangerous to insult the proud Maurya, who had for his help the wily Brahmin Chanakya and the whole hill tribe of Gandhara; and the Nine Nandas had to learn this truth at the cost of their lives. The Maurya was now the uncontested master of the Empire. Occasionally, a smile flitted across his lips as he remembered his position now. Padmanabha Nanda, the last representative of the great Nanda dynasty, was now in prison with his most beautiful daughter Sanchaya Kumari.

A philosopher might reflect without surprise or pity on the vicissitudes of Fortune, and prophesy that the proud Maurya also must fall a victim some time or other to the whims of that blind woman. But to more practical men, like Chandra Gupta, the maxim 'Enjoy the present and cease to worry about the future' seemed more reasonable. On the third day of the revolution Chandra Gupta was crowned by Chanakya as the Emperor of the Magadha world. Society always wants room to develop and increase peacefully. Under the iron rule of Chandra Gupta prosperity was again restored. Another city, more extensive and beautiful, arose on the ruins of the old one. And the Greek ambassador at the court of Chandra Gupta describes with wonder the glories of the new Pataliputra, where gold and precious stones were as plentiful as sand.

But in his beautiful marble palace, inlaid with emeralds and rubies and supported by massive golden pillars, the proud emperor sighed, his heart burning with love for Sanchaya Kumari. In his grand durbar hall, with his courtiers and attendants, the charming image of the captured princess stood before him with teasing eyes and with a smile of scorn on her lips. Was he not a powerful emperor with all the treasures of the East at his feet? Yet the treasures and love

of an emperor could not captivate the heart of Sanchaya Kumari, who still remembered with shame and regret that she was descended from a line of emperors who had made the Magadha empire what it was. No. He must win her by fraud or force in spite of her protests. A repressed desire only increases with time.

It was spring, the season of love. The cool palace gardens and baths only inflamed the burning desire of the Maurya. His delicious dishes seemed tasteless now. 'Bring her before me', he cried fiercely. His slaves trembled and disappeared one by one. Three years had passed and he had not yet won her love. Where peaceful means fail he must use force. That was the principle of Chanakya.

In a few seconds, Sanchaya Kumari was brought before him in chains. Her charming face, though pale with sorrow, shone brilliantly with shame. And her eyes, which sparkled like two diamonds, poured out a fire of anger. Chandra Gupta at first spoke tenderly. 'Look,' he said, 'this is not the time and place to be foolish. Marry me. Don't you know that my heart is burning with love? My kingdom and my treasures are yours. Your father will be set free.'

Sanchaya Kumari kept silent.

'O! Sanchaya Kumari, a woman's heart is always stubborn. They delight in torturing poor men. I have conquered empires and fought in countless battles, but I am unable to conquer you. Understand that this is my last request. If you refuse to give way,' he added after a short pause, 'I will torture your father to death.'

Still Sanchaya Kumari was silent. Two tears dropped from her eyes and rested like crystals on her cheek. Chandra Gupta laughed.

'Bring him here,' he commanded.

There was a rattle of chains. Padmanabha Nanda, a lean and shabby figure, stood before him, head hung down and trembling like a creeper.

Chandra Gupta turned his face towards the princess. 'What do you say now?' he demanded. 'One favourable word, and you will be the happiest woman in the world.' He went near her, seized her in his powerful arms, and kissed her while she struggled and protested in vain. Chandra Gupta again laughed and cried to his torturers, 'Begin.'

Padmanabha Nanda was tortured. Red-hot needles were inserted in his fingers. His limbs were twisted and screwed. His body was lashed while he cried in an agony of pain. All the devices which a human brain could conceive for torturing were employed. The Nanda's voice gradually became less and less loud. His limbs began to lose their feeling. Sanchaya Kumari stood before him with wide open eyes, from which tears poured down in torrents. Her heart beat faster and faster. Her bosom heaved. But she never spoke a word.

The Nanda's life deserted him at last, and he fell to the ground like a lump of clay. The Maurya again laughed and asked with a fierce voice, 'What now?' But Sanchaya Kumari was hanging without life, with a face of horror, in his hands. Chandra Gupta shook her. But no use. She was dead. The horror which she had witnessed had been sufficient to kill her. Chandra Gupta woke up. All his passions, which he had built up day by day, had crumbled to dust in a single hour. He had ruined himself. He kissed her dead body with a passion which

he had never experienced before. But when he realised that he was the cause of her death, all his vices and fears recoiled on their master. He was filled with terror, and, dropping her body heavily, he ran away from the place crying, 'I have killed her, I have killed her,' while his torturers looked after him in pity and wonder.

Then began the reign of terror. The Maurya's rage caused by his disappointment had to find some expression, some outlet. He had lost the ideal of his life. With Sanchaya Kumari his reason and courage had gone. Crucifixion became his passion. Every day he watched with brutal delight thousands of criminals being crucified by his torturers. In their writhing limbs he saw the beauty of the dance of Shiva, and their cries of pain were music to his ears. Elaborate arrangements were made for hunts in which the emperor pierced with his arrows innocent children and peasants. Bull fighting was his pastime. He applauded with loud cheers when those poor brutes were torn limb from limb by muscular men specially trained for this purpose. The prince of Kalinga, who dared to oppose his authority, was flayed alive, and ten thousand men who rose in rebellion had their eyes pierced, their tongues cut out, and their ears clipped. His madness increased day by day. Countless temples were demolished because the gods had not helped him to win the love of Sanchaya Kumari. Society was upset. The constitution was very near to the breaking point. Murmurs of anger and discontent were heard from the people. But the Maurya was more fierce than before. It became increasingly dangerous even to pass remarks on the emperor. Those who did it were punished with instant death. One by one his courtiers deserted him. His own son set up the standard of revolt and promised to offer the poor citizens the justice which was so haughtily denied to them if they dared to rally round his standard. And while the Maurya trembled in his palace for the safety of his person, his subjects outside clamoured for his instant destruction.

The Maurya, oppressed by fear of danger and by guilt, was slumbering in his bed. It was midday. Suddenly Chanakya entered the room and woke up the emperor. In his face were anxiety and terror.

'Your Majesty!' he cried, 'make haste. The rebels are fast approaching. Flee away from here at once.'

Chandra Gupta slowly rose from his bed and, rubbing his eyes, spoke in a feeble voice. 'Chanakya, you have been my only friend. I thank you for it. But my end has come.'

'Majesty! This is not the occasion to waste time in useless conversation. Look there! The dust raised by horses' hoofs is coming nearer and nearer. I have arranged everything. Escape to the country of Selucos. The King of Yavanas (the Greeks) will help you.'

Chandra Gupta disregarded his words.

'Chanakya, I dreamed a very terrible dream. I had a vision. I found the whole universe, right in front of my eyes, the universe with its majestic beauty and magnificence, with a single soul dominating every animate as well as inanimate object. Men, beasts, trees, stones, were all one in my vision. Every object was drawing its essence of life from that all-pervading soul which was brighter than all the rubies of my palace. Some of those objects were bright and some dark. Those which were bright went gradu-

ally nearer and nearer to the soul and became one with it. But the dark objects went gradually away from the soul and finally perished in nothingness. Chanakya, is not my soul dark with sin? Is there any salvation for me? Standing on the precipice of life I see the yawning chasm of the future. I do not know where and when I will fall. In killing and torturing so many innocent people I have killed myself. The hopes of my life have perished long ago.' The Maurya could not speak any further. He buried his head in his hands and wept.

Chanakya stared at the emperor in blank amazement. The rebels had come very near. He could hear the clash of spears and the shouts of anger. The whole city was swept by a whirlwind of cavalry, and red dust covered the blue sky, making the midday sunlight dim. There was no hope of escape. The Maurya was not afraid. Where there is no hope, there is no fear. He looked outside with a calm face and continued to talk.

'Do you know of Diogenes, the philosopher of the Yavanas, who dared to argue with Sikhandar (Alexander), the conqueror of the world? Did he not boast that he was richer than the conqueror, because he had rejected the whole world? Chanakya, I am going to do the same thing.'

He stood up. The rebels, shouting like thunder, had entered the beautiful palace, whose brilliance dazzled their eyes.

'Come here,' Chandra Gupta cried madly. 'Here you have all the treasures of the world. Open the treasury and pillage my palace.'

But the soldiers paid no heed to the words of the mad emperor. They broke open the doors, upset the massive golden furniture, tore the silken tapestries, and felled the marble statues which adorned the palace. Chandra Gupta came outside and shouted: 'The end justifies the means. That which I have acquired by the strength of my arm, I have lost by the whim of a moment. Take away everything. This is the silken curtain from the Chola kingdom. It is worth ten thousand panas. Handle that ivory vase carefully lest you break it. It is a present from the Chinese emperor. What a careless man you are to break into pieces my marble statue which was carved by Yavana sculptors! I want that which is real. These are all Maya, a mere illusion. There is no happiness in this miserable world, and I had to learn this supreme truth after so many years of mental agony! Pearls, rubies, ivory and gold are all confounded in a general confusion. I was trying to catch the shadow instead of the substance after all! What a poor and wretched . . . . . .'

But his voice was lost in the general confusion and uproar. They set fire to the palace and shouted with joy when it fell to pieces with a thunderous noise. The aged emperor's son became his successor. Order was restored and peace again resumed her walks in the cursed empire. The people celebrated that day with joy and festivity.

But what became of Chandra Gupta? Some say that he managed to escape and was converted into a Buddhist by a monk, after which he attained Nirvana by sacrificing his life by slow starvation. But others think that he was burnt in the fire or pierced by the javelin of some obscure horseman. But I am not sure.

THE LAST PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

By K. R. Chandrasekharan, *Fourth Year Honours (Literature)*

One of the most striking features of creative art in general, is the inseparable bond between the work of art and the mind of the artist. The work of art is often the expression of the artist's soul, the result of his quest for Beauty or Truth.

Among Shakespeare's plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, together with the Shakespearean parts of *Pericles* and *Henry VIII*, form a distinct group by themselves. In these plays, the Tragic Muse has deserted Shakespeare; a profound change has come over him. In the tragedies immediately preceding, he is mercilessly and relentlessly analysing human nature—human faults and frailties: but he suggests no remedy. He represents dire disaster as the result of a violation of the moral order. For all practical purposes, *Timon of Athens* may be considered to be 'the last word in that pessimistic analysis of man and man's place in Eternity.' Timon is wronged, and he returns the wrong with an almost inhuman and suicidal fury. The coming of the first romance after this terrible storm and calamity is like unexpected sunshine after a stormy night. The general theme of all the plays belonging to Shakespeare's final period, embraces wrong done to the innocent and subsequent suffering, but in the end everything is resolved into harmony and peace. To quote Sir Edmund Chambers, 'Truth that will out through disguises, wrongs that in the end become rights again, wanderings that lead homeward in the even-tide, these are things which have always been precious to the Romantic Muse.' It must not be supposed that Shakespeare is here ignoring the dark side of life, but he shows how to transcend evil. The jealousy of Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, though it is nothing beside the surging passion of Othello, is by itself sufficient instrument for a tragic issue. Iachimo, Sebastian, and Caliban are not at all agreeable characters. But their inclusion in the Romances, far from destroying (as Lytton Strachey supposes) the peace and harmony of the atmosphere, acts as a foil to set off the brighter side of the picture. The discovery of good necessarily involves the discovery of evil. Virtue is seen at its highest and its best when it exists side by side with vice.

The sudden change in tone, coming on without the slightest notice, requires explanation. The transition from the Comedies to the Tragedies is only a gradual process, but that from the Tragedies to the Romances is abrupt. It has been aptly called a 'revolution, and not an evolution'. Chambers calls it 'a conversion, a complete reversal of standards'.

This metamorphosis has sometimes been attributed to the influence of the new tragi-comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, which proved very successful

[1]Extracts from a Paper read before the English Honours Association.

on the stage. It has been pointed out that the theme of *Cymbeline*, which for all practical purposes may be considered to be the first of the Romances, is very similar to that of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who adopts this view, is of opinion that in the Romances Shakespeare is making an experiment in the new tragi-comedy of which the example had been set by *Philaster*. On the face of it, this theory is ingenious and plausible. Shakespeare, besides being an artist, was also a clever stage-manager, and the new pattern of drama was very attractive to the audience. It cannot be denied also that Shakespeare was ever eager to make new trials in new fields. The new tragi-comedy, with forgiveness and reconciliation as its inevitable ending, had its charms for Shakespeare: and having failed thrice in the attempt—in *Pericles*, in *Cymbeline*, and in *The Winter's Tale* —with a fourth and last shot, *The Tempest*, he brings his quarry down from the sky.

This theory, convenient as it is, has its own limitations. It is always difficult to separate the artist from the work of art. To ascribe the change in outlook evident in the Romances to imitation or emulation is to deny spiritual significance to the Tragedies as well as to the Romances. But apart from that, there is nothing to prove conclusively whether *Cymbeline* preceded or followed *Philaster*. The theme of both the plays is the same, but it is dangerous to give the priority to one. Moreover, the happy ending of the Romances--at least of the earlier Romances—is not a dramatic necessity; its significance is spiritual and ethical. So fundamental a metamorphosis cannot be explained away by the theory that Shakespeare was a cunning stage-manager and catered to the tastes of the audience in spite of the goading of his spirit. The cleavage, therefore, must be due to some spiritual crisis.

Chambers traces the change, or the 'Conversion' as he calls it, to Shakespeare's weariness and exhaustion after he had written the great tragedies. He finds indications of nervous debility in *Timon of Athens*. He conjectures that Shakespeare must have had a nervous breakdown during 1608-1609, and that he recovered owing to the tender care of Dr. John Hall, who later became his son-in-law. When he rose from his sick-bed his vision was changed and his nerves enfeebled. For the rest of his life, he was free from the fever of intense observation and content to live in the midst of pleasant dreams.

The view adopted by Dover Wilson is essentially different from the two lines of thought mentioned. He acknowledges that there is a conversion but does not admit that it is a doctrinal or spiritual one. It belongs purely to the realms of art. From his boyhood, Shakespeare had loved the country near Stratford, with its quiet streams and its meadows, its birds and its flowers. His life in London had estranged him from the country-life which was so dear to his heart. But time brought its own solution; by the tender care and affection of his daughter, Susanna, he was restored to the love of the meadows and the streams, the animals and the birds; and this new revelation of joy and new faith finds expression not only in the general tone of the Romances, but also in the poetic style. Dover Wilson admirably compares the restoration of Shakespeare to the recovery of Wordsworth after his gloomy and uninspired period of Godwinism. In the case of

Wordsworth, the Lake District won him back as Stratford healed Shakespeare; the place of Susanna was supplied by his loving and dutiful sister Dorothy. After his laborious toil under the dark roof of Godwinism, Wordsworth emerged again into the sunlit radiance, and discovered the beauty of the objects of Nature, 'the life in common things'. His restoration brought about a new attitude towards man, whom he began to view as a part of external Nature. Much in the same manner, Shakespeare's attitude to life changed with his return to the love of Stratford, and the Romances reflect his new vision and his new life.

Against the view of Chambers that the transition was the result of nervous prostration, Dover Wilson urges that the Romances, especially *The Tempest,* are not the work of a sick man. Shakespeare had not lost the capacity for vigorous production. Further, Dover Wilson points out that Chamber's theory would force us to place *Timon of Athens* just before *Cymbeline*, which, he declares, is absurd. He thinks that '*Timon* is the still-born twin of *Lear*', and that it must have followed *Lear* immediately. The two tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, show a relaxation of power which cannot be explained if they are placed in between *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens*. Thus, he dismisses the theory of nervous breakdown and 'Bright's disease'.

The attitude of the Victorian critics of Shakespeare, of whom Dowden may be taken as a fairly typical example, is remarkable for its exaggerated sentimentalism. Dowden represents the Shakespeare of the Romances as a demi-god who has mastered his art and his heart. By a long process of observation and experiment, Shakespeare has solved the problem of crime—nay, the problem of life. Dowden speaks of Shakespeare as being now 'on the Heights'—on an elevated plane from which he can view the world like an Immortal sitting in judgment over mortal beings. He has made a spiritual discovery, and in the light of this discovery he can boldly march along the rugged path of existence unharmed, and teach the way of life to others. Shakespeare still thought of the grave problems of life, but his temper had become such that he wanted an issue of joy and happiness. In the Romances, he had this thought in his mind—'the sins of the father shall not be visited on the child.' Dowden is also of opinion that the happy ending of these plays is not merely a stage-device; it is important from the ethical and spiritual points of view—almost a moral necessity.

The critics whom we have hitherto considered all agree in their conviction that the prevailing tone of all the plays of Shakespeare's final period is one of serene harmony and joy, though they differ more or less in the explanations which they offer for the profound change. But Lytton Strachey is unique in that he views the whole affair in a sceptical and cynical light. He scoffs at the idea that 'Shakespeare, from this whirlwind of furious ejaculation, this splendid storm of nastiness, passed in a moment to tranquillity and joy, to blue skies and young ladies and to general forgiveness.' He accuses the admiring critics of Shakespeare of losing sight of one side of the picture. 'How is it possible', he asks, 'to fit into their scheme of roses and maidens that Italian fiend "the yellow Iachimo" or Cloten or Leontes or Caliban

or Trinculo? To omit these figures of discord and evil from our consideration, to banish them comfortably into the background of the stage while Autolycus and Miranda dance before the footlights, is a fallacy in proportion.' Lytton Strachey also observes that in the so-called 'gentle utterances' of Shakespeare's final period is concealed the sharpest invective. He thinks that an air of unreality prevails in all these plays. Speaking of the happy endings, he says that they are nothing more than 'conventional endings to fantastic tales.' Finally, the conclusion that Lytton Strachey comes to is that the Shakespeare of the Romances was getting 'bored with people, bored with real life, bored with drama, bored, in fact, with everything except poetry and poetical dreams'. He imagines Shakespeare 'half-enchanted with visions of beauty and loveliness, half-bored to death, on the one side inspired by a soaring fancy to the singing of ethereal songs, and on the other urged by a general disgust to burst occasionally through his torpor into bitter and violent speech.' And commenting on Caliban's words,

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse

he asks, 'Is this Caliban addressing Prospero, or Job addressing God? It may be either; but it is not serene, nor benign, nor pastoral, nor "on the Heights".'

It is not necessary to consider Lytton Strachey's accusation in detail. By way of comment, however, it may be observed that Lytton Strachey's criticism indicates how far perverted and deliberate scepticism can go; it embodies the extreme reaction against the ultra-romantic sentimentalism of Victorian critics like Dowden.

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The Tempest in its unity of construction and harmony of tone, may be regarded as the last and the most perfect of the Romances. Nevertheless, it has often been criticised as a play which pays very little heed to reality. Lytton Strachey observes that 'in *The Tempest* unreality has reached its apotheosis.' Shakespeare is, no doubt, attempting an idealised representation of life, and such idealization will be possible only if the play is consistent in and out. When the dancing shadows of an ideal picture come in contact with the rock of reality, it inevitably tumbles down. So, in order to maintain the consistency of this ideal picture, all pretences of reality must be laid aside. The Enchanted Island is of course an island 'borne up by the sea, not of waters, but of poetry.' It must be remarked that the storm-scene with which the play opens, is a masterpiece of dramatic art; by its intense realism it prepares us to believe whatever is about to take place, and lends verisimilitude to the whole play.

There are a few passages in *The Tempest* in which Shakespeare bids farewell to the stage and to active life, through the mouth of Prospero. He announces how he is about to break his magic staff and drown his book 'deeper than ever did plummet sound.' This indicates that *The Tempest* is decidedly Shakespeare's last play. Further, it has led to the examination of *The Tempest* as an allegory, which it is primarily not. No doubt, there are many passages which are Shakespeare's last word on the problem of existence and misery. Prospero with his noble fortitude, his fully developed will, his sensitiveness to wrong, his noble capacity to forgive and love, has been, perhaps not without

justification, often identified with Shakespeare himself. He has by his magic power tied Ariel the nimble spirit to his service, and chained the unruly Caliban. Now, having accomplished wonders in the Enchanted Island, Prospero will return in joy to his Dukedom of Milan.

Yes, Shakespeare has long kept in service, the poetic imagination; he has avoided and checked with a stern hand the coarseness and unruliness which occasionally tend to oppress the poet; and now having wrought miracles with the aid of the imagination, he is content to retire in peace to his Dukedom of Milan—his native Stratford. He has released the poetic imagination from the cloven pine which is the unruly pre-Shakespearean drama; he is not loath to leave the Enchanted Island (i.e. the stage) to whatever Caliban may care to possess it. He has done the Duke's work and must enjoy the Duke's reward.

The central maxim of *The Tempest*, which is equally that of the other Romances also, is expressed in the noble words of Prospero:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

This is the great lesson that Shakespeare has to teach us: *The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.*

In the Tragedies, he had been struggling to arrive at a solution of the grave problems of life; he had attempted to show how we are to meet the wrongs done to us. Now by a sudden revelation, which is not infrequent in the experience of a great poet, he has solved his problem, and announces his message with a clear voice. The sins of the father *shall not* be visited upon the innocent head of the child. Virtue shall in the end triumph over vice. The most effective weapon against wrong and injury is forgiveness—divine forgiveness which shall add charm to the joy of existence. Yes, reconciliation, 'word over all, beautiful as the sky'—reconciliation is the word which interprets Shakespeare's last plays.

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I am willing to grant that Shakespeare took to the writing of romances on the initiative of Beaumont and Fletcher. Step by step he advances until at last in *The Tempest* he has mastered the art. Side by side with the advance in technical skill, there is the advance—the gradual exaltation—of the benignant mood. I am inclined to believe that the work of art influenced the mind of the artist. The conversion, which Dover Wilson describes as the healing influence of Nature, is in my opinion the conversion caused by the earliest Romances themselves. Shakespeare saw the successful production of the romantic comedies of younger writers, and he was fascinated by the theme because his mind was as receptive as it was vast. The happy ending of the first Romance was only a stage-necessity. There is material enough in *Cymbeline* to make a dark tragedy. In *The Winter's Tale* also the atmosphere is not very smooth. But when we come to *The Tempest*, everything is bathed in a new light. The tyranny of Antonio and Sebastian does not alarm us, because we know that the magic power of Prospero can foil it. In *The Tempest* alone the happy ending is a

moral necessity. So, as Shakespeare went on writing the Romances, his mind was influenced by them and illuminated in a gleam of serene splendour, and, in the end, it gave its fullest expression in *The Tempest.* Sir Edmund Chambers too may not be wrong when he claims that illness worked all this miracle. Probably it was a slight mental relaxation or weakness which prompted Shakespeare to imitate or emulate the young dramatists. But Lytton Strachey's demand is too injudicious to be granted, and like Caliban he must be dismissed, for he will not come round and repent.

The Tempest has been placed by the editors of the Folio at the very beginning of the volume. Whether this was due to the immense popularity which it enjoyed, or whether the editors did this so as to present the last work of their departed friend first, it is difficult to conjecture. At any rate it is 'a very fortunate and pleasing act' as Quiller-Couch points out, and I entirely agree with him when he says that if Shakespeare ascends the throne anywhere, he does it in *The Tempest.*

The Shakespeare of the Romances is a majestic personality, serene, noble and grand, and he announces his message of peace, freedom and love to all. As Sir Walter Raleigh said of the poet-philosopher, Wordsworth, 'To know him is to learn courage, to walk with him is to feel the visitings of a larger, purer air and the peace of an unfathomable sky.'

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY G. C. MARTIN

KATHLEEN BEAUCHAMP—or Katherine Mansfield, as she chose to be known to her readers—is a writer who has contributed to modern English literature in the more than merely national sense of the word 'English', for she was a New Zealander. She was born at Wellington in 1888. She was a sensitive child of a very imaginative type. The person who seems to have left the strongest impression upon her mind, during her childhood, was her grandmother on her mother's side. To her the child was devoted, and in the stories of Katherine Mansfield are to be found the clear traces of the impression left upon her imagination by her grandmother.

Her family did not understand her aright and, unconscious of the child's rapid development and growing powers, dubbed her 'difficult' and 'hard to understand.' She was 'the last child in the world they had expected to become a writer', as they admitted later on.

Kathleen had her early education in New Zealand, but in 1903, when she was over fourteen, the Beauchamp family left New Zealand on a visit to England. Kathleen and her two sisters entered Queen's College in London for their further education. Her time at Queen's College was a period of very definite development. She had been a musician before she left home, but in London she made great progress in the mastery of her chosen instrument, the violincello. 'Kathleen's real escape from this confined and decorous life was through the 'cello. During this time in London she was reading more and more widely, and she was also experimenting as a writer.

Her father's decision that she should return to New Zealand in 1906 at the end of her course in Queen's College sounded the knell of her hopes and filled her with an intense sense of rebellion. She tried desperately to persuade her family to let her remain in London, but in vain. Kathleen declared with determination: 'When I get to New Zealand, I'll make myself so objectionable that they'll *have* to send me away.' London had laid its spell upon the young colonial. Back again in New Zealand, she writes: 'Here in my room I feel as though I was in London—in London. To write the word makes me feel that I could burst into tears. Isn't it terrible to love anything so much? I do not care at all for men, but London—it is Life.' New Zealand now seemed to her utterly isolated from the experiences she held most dear, completely cut off from all the stimulating contacts that had filled her life for three vivid years. She sought relief and self-expression in writing. In 1907 there appeared in her Note Book this significant entry: 'Definitely I have decided not to be a musician—It's not my forte—I can plainly see—The fact remains at that—I must be an authoress.'

Her work was first published when she was eighteen years old. Her passionate desire to return to London persisted. Her father, in the effort

to distract her mind, arranged for her to go on a caravan-trip in New Zealand along with some neighbours. This tour, which lasted six weeks, was later to have a real effect. It brought home to her the wonder of her own country. Its immediate effect, however, was to make her even less willing to settle down again in the provincialism of Wellington. She felt that she must make a desperate effort to convince her father that it was absolutely essential for her to get back to London. He finally yielded to her importunity and on July 9th, 1908, she left New Zealand, never to return.

The story of her early years of independence is one of varied and bitterly educative experiences. Financial troubles, times of illness pressed hard upon her. But in 1911 she met John Middleton Murry, afterwards an outstanding critic, but then struggling to gain a footing, and they were later married.

The last years of her life—and she died at the early age of thirty-four—were harassed by lung-trouble and by the drastic courses of treatment which she had to undergo. She never believed that she would die as a result of tuberculosis, but had a premonition that she would die of a sudden heart-attack. However, she died at Fontainebleau in France in 1923 with unexpected suddenness as a result of severe haemorrhage. Her life was short, but it had brought to her an intense realisation of the meaning of suffering and of beauty.

The body of her published work is slight. She left a few volumes of short stories, a small quantity of verse, her private Journal and her Letters. Yet, the quality of her work is remarkable. A distinguished French critic and student of English literature has written of Katherine Mansfield: 'Her sparing, scrupulous art is at one with the deepest classical tradition; at the same time it quivers with the keen emotions, the unrest of our age, in rich vibrations the more moving for their restraint. . . Her language, swayed by the hard imperious craving for the perfect phrase, reaches the quality of the inevitable through an instinct for the essential, and an absolute honesty of statement.'

Her *Journal*, although it sometimes makes puzzling reading, is of great value for the light it throws upon her attitude as a writer. It contains many passages of searching and unfaltering self-analysis. Scattered throughout it are sketches of projected work. It enables us also to understand the crisis which occurred in her career as a writer at a certain point, and the influences which determined her special interests in some of her finest and most developed work.

Her younger brother came to Europe to serve in the Great War and, before going to the Front, spent a short time with his sister in London. This time was largely spent in reminiscence, in the stirring up of memories which they held in common. Even before this, Katherine Mansfield's thoughts had been turning back to her own country of New Zealand with tenderness and wistfulness and with a new appreciation. This meeting with her brother 'formed, as it were, a point round which her changed attitude could crystallise.' Her brother was killed only a month after their time together and, with his death, there came the confirmation of a new purpose which had been growing up within her. The following extracts from her *Journal* at the

beginning of 1916 reveal the nature of this purpose: 'Now really, what is it that I do want to write? I ask myself, Am I less of a writer than I used to be? Is the need to write less urgent? Does it still seem as natural to me to seek that form of expression? . . . There are times when these thoughts half-frighten me and very nearly convince. . . . But no, at bottom I am not convinced, for at bottom never has my desire been so ardent. Only the form that I would choose has changed utterly. . . .

'Now—now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is "a sacred debt" that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far from them. I long to renew them in writing.

'Ah, the people—the people we loved there—of them too I want to write. Another "debt of love". Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World.'

Of Katherine Mansfield's own personality the reader receives a clear impression from the pages of the *Journal.* She was a woman who experienced life with the greatest intensity, realising its beauty and joy, and also its pain. Her life towards its end was a long and heroic struggle against ill-health and depression. We see too a woman in the grip of a compelling desire to express herself and, at the same time, fretting at the impediments which she blamed herself for setting in the path of this desire through an inability to concentrate as she ought. The expression of this urgent desire, of the sad consciousness of failure to realise her aim, is a recurring note in the pages of the *Journal.* Behind her she heard the sound of 'Time's wingèd chariot', and she felt the fear that Death would find her before she had discovered that fulness of self-expression which she craved.

She says: 'I have written practically nothing yet, and now again the time is getting short. There is nothing done'. In another place she cries: 'Supposing I were to give up the pretence and really did try? Supposing I only wrote half a page in a day—it would be half a page to the good; and I should at least be training my mind to get into the habit of regular performance. As it is, every day sees me further off my goal.'

There can be no doubt of Katherine Mansfield's sincerity in the utterance of her longing to find an adequate expression for her sense of the world and of people, of the emotions stirring within herself. '*Work.* Shall I be able to express one day my love of work—my desire to be a better writer—my longing to take greater pains? And the passion I feel. It takes the place of religion—it *is* my religion—of people—I create my people; of "life"—it *is* Life.'

When we turn to her work, what do we find? We see that she has chosen the medium of the short story. The canvas she has selected is limited, but she makes a wonderfully effective use of it. Many of her stories are only a few pages in length; a few of them are more ambitious.

The effects she uses within the narrow limits of her choice are employed with a fine discretion. Her stories depend little upon situation, situation being at most, one feels, the frail but adequate scaffolding

which supports her penetrating character-studies. It is the characters who matter above all to Katherine Mansfield. Her characters are not delineated from without by means of a few bold and telling strokes, but they are allowed to suggest themselves into our consciousness. They grow before our eyes with a delicate persistence. Their creator does not so much realise her characters for the reader, as allow them to realise themselves. She uses conversation with a clear sense of the importance of each sentence as a means of enabling the character who is speaking to achieve distinctness. There is no talking merely for the sake of talking. She has a wonderful way of admitting us to the minds of her characters. Whether she is occupied with a child-character like Kezia in *Prelude* and *At the Bay*, or a sophisticated and affected character like Isabel in *Marriage á la Mode*, or a simple, natural character like Ma Parker in *Life of Ma Parker*, Katherine Mansfield has a fine sense of the exact idiom that is needed for the particular person who is interesting her at the time. There the character takes shape, speaking itself into being.

The characters of the children in stories like *Prelude* and *At the Bay* and *The Voyage*, which are all directly built upon the author's personal experience of people and places in New Zealand during her childhood, are drawn without any patronage or condescension. Her treatment of the deep grief of the old charwoman Ma Parker over the death of her grandson is free from any mawkish sentimentality. Her work is disciplined in emotion and treatment by that ability to discriminate between what rings true and what rings false which always marks the genuine artist as distinguished from the mere literary huckster.

Her contribution to that peculiarly modern literary kind—the short story, was a quite individual contribution. Middleton Murry writing of her work, says: 'I can only say that her work seems to me to be of a finer and purer kind than that of her contemporaries. It is more spontaneous, more vivid, more delicate and more beautiful. Katherine Mansfield responded more completely to life than any writer I have known, and the effect of that more complete response is her work.

'She seemed to adjust herself to life as a flower adjusts itself to the earth and to the sun. She suffered greatly, she delighted greatly: but her suffering and her delight were never partial, they filled the whole of her. She was utterly generous, utterly courageous; when she gave herself to life, to love, to some spirit of truth which she served, she gave royally. She loved life—with all its beauty and its pain; she accepted life completely, and she had the right to accept it, for she had endured in herself all the suffering which life can lavish upon a single soul.'

IT'S A DEWAN BAHADUR'S LIFE

By M. KESAVAN UNNI NAIR, B.A. (HONS.)

SCENE I

Dewan Bahadur C. Krishnaswamy Chettiar's office room. A table and a few chairs. Door on the right leading to the front door. Door on the left leading to the inner apartments. The table is littered with papers. RAMACHANDRAN comes in and sits down and starts on a novel. Enter CHETTIAR left. RAMU starts up and busies himself with the papers.

Ramu: Good morning sir.

Chettiar (*coming in and sitting down*): Why were you late?

Ramu: I was not late sir. I arrived hours ago.

Chettiar: Indeed! If my eyesight is not deceiving me in my old age, I could swear I saw a figure similar to yours sneaking in a minute ago. Probably you could explain that.

Ramu: Er—the fact is—sir.

Chettiar: The fact is you are becoming lazy and idle and worthless. Coming to your work at 7! And I saw you leave yesterday at 7 p.m. What do you think you are here for? A holiday? What do you think I am paying you Rs. 30 a month for? You had better take care, young man. This was not how I rose to my present position. I shall expect you to be here at 6 in the morning.

Ramu: Yes, sir.

Chettiar: H'm. What have you got there? Ah, did you send to 'The Madras Mail' an account of yesterday's meeting?

Ramu: Yes, sir.

Chettiar: How long was the report of my speech?

Ramu: Two pages, sir.

Chettiar: What? You idiot! Two pages! Haven't you any sense? And I suppose you gave five pages to that imbecile, Ramamurthy?

Ramu: Well, you spoke for only five minutes.

Chettiar: Spoke for— Of all the impertinence—Spoke for five minutes! A good secretary reads his employer's mind and gives all the arguments which he knows his employer would have expressed had he cared.

Ramu: Yes, sir.

Chettiar: Spoke for only five minutes! Well, have I anything important for to-day?

Ramu: Eh? Oh yes there is that deputation of your constituents.

Chettiar: H'm, meanwhile where is the speech you have prepared?

(*Ramu hands him a copy*).

Chettiar: I had better rehearse it. (*Getting up and clearing his throat*) Mr. President of the reception committee, ladies and gentlemen:—When I was asked to preside over this 3rd Annual Session of the Rajakarmas Petrol Bunk Keepers' Conference, it was with great diffidence I accepted the offer, knowing, as I did, my shortcomings, and knowing how many there are better fitted to direct the deliberations of this important assembly. I say I accepted the onerous responsibility—(*to Ramu*) How do you

[1] Scenes from a play produced at the Hostel Day of Caithness Hall, 23 November, 1935.

spell honourous? Where is the h'?

Ramu: This word has no 'h', sir.

Chettiar: Better make sure about it—responsibility because I felt that, humble as I am, I might be able to contribute my meagre share to your proceedings to-day. The president of the reception committee has said a lot of nice things about me. I thank him for them. I like to hear nice things said about me—(*to Ramu*) What is the sense in putting in that?

Ramu: Don't you like it, sir?

Chettiar: It is not whether I like it or not. I don't want them to think that I like to hear nice things said about me.

Ramu: They will think you are making a joke. If you smile when you say that—

Chettiar: Touch it up then, and make it fit for the Press. The reporters will want it. And not too much of the humble either. (*Front door bell rings*).

Chettiar: Who is that now? (*Exit Ramu R. and enter*).

Ramu: It is the deputation, sir.

Chettiar: Let them come in. (*Ramu goes to the door R and shows them in*).

Leader of the deputation: Good morning, sir. (*Reading out*) Respected sir, We, your constituents, make bold to address you, knowing fully well that any wish of ours will not go unheeded with you. You have been our representative in the Council for three years and have been doing your duty by the country and your constituency with amazing zeal and conscientiousness. You were responsible for the Government decision that the by-lane in front of the Hanuman Koil in Peruntur village should be named Sri Hanuman Narayana Gopalaswami Mudaliyar Choultry Lane, instead of Peruntur Lane, thus showing your regard for what is indigenous. It is impossible for me to name all your activities and mention all your services. But knowing that you would be only too glad if we brought to your notice any real grievances or just claims of ours, we thought it right to inform you that in the water-supply schemes working now in Madras City and various mofussil places, Muslims are employed at the pumping stations. We respectfully but firmly say that, as is known to you, this offends the scruples of many orthodox Brahmins who have to use the water. We therefore pray that you would find means to move the authorities and see that non-Muslims are appointed at the pumping stations, especially in the actual pumping operations.

(*Ramu hands a manuscript to Chettiar who reads out the reply.*)

Chettiar: Well, gentlemen, I am glad you appreciate my little services. I have always tried to do for the country by fair and constitutional means what I have felt best in her own interests and in those of her people. The Government have been trying sincerely to redress the genuine grievances of the people, and in this matter you have brought to my notice, I shall see that such action is taken as is not inconsistent with the religious and sectarian impartiality which it has been the policy of the Government ever since its beginning in the days of the East India Company to maintain.

(*The Deputation retire with all possible fuss.*)

Chettiar: Make a note of it. It will come in handy.

Ramu: Surely you are not going to put a question on that to the Government?

Chettiar: Why not? There are few resolutions and questions tabled in my name for the next session. The minister told me that he didn't mind such questions. Besides they are my constituents. The general election will be on soon now.

(*Front door bell rings. Ramu goes right and comes in*).

Ramu: A young fellow wants to see you, sir.

Chettiar: Tell him to go away. (*Young fellow rushes in right*).

Young fellow: Please sir, hear me. I am the son of Narayanaswamy Mudaliyar.

Chettiar: What is it?

Young fellow: Sir, I have passed in part I of the B. A. Examination and I should have passed fully if the examiners hadn't been partial. I am unemployed sir. I tried at every door but in vain. I sat for the—

Chettiar: Yes, yes. But what can I do? I have no job to give. Everything is with the Services Commission. You have got to pass their examination. Recruitment to all the Government services is done by the Services Commission.

Ramu: Except the Postal, Income-tax and Customs departments.

Chettiar: Shut up. Who asked you?

Young fellow: That is it, sir. If you would give me a letter to Mr. Whitcomb, Government secretary. He is a great friend of yours.

Chettiar (*thawing*): H'm yes. He is a friend of mine.

Young fellow: Oh, sir. If only you would just write a letter to him about me!

Chettiar: I tell you—

Young fellow: Please sir, father told me you promised to do anything for him during the election.

Chettiar: All right (*Writes*). Here you are.

Young fellow: Thank you, sir, thank you very much, sar, (*exit right*).

Chettiar: Now if you hadn't made that senseless interruption! What the devil do you mean by butting in? (*front door bell rings.*)

Chettiar: Well, what are you standing there for? Can't you go out and see who it is? (*Exit Ramu right and enter*).

Ramu: It is Mr. Whitcomb sir.

Chettiar: Good God! What an idiot! (*Runs out right*) This way sar. Good morning. What can I do for you? It is really a pleasure to see you again. As I was remarking to someone, I have only one friend and that is you (*signs to Ramu to go. Ramu goes off right*).

Whitcomb: Good morning. I am glad you think so, for it makes my task easier. I have a small favour to ask you.

Chettiar: No sir, make it big.

Whitcomb: It is really a big one for me, but a small thing for you. You know that the opposition in the Legislative Council has given notice of a resolution of censure on the Government's policy in regard to the land tax question. Now we want someone—not an official or a nominated member, but an elected member, a man of understanding and judgement, of eloquence and discrimination—to put the Government case fairly before the House. I could think of nobody but you.

Chettiar: I shall do it. I shall speak clearly and succulently.

Whitcomb: No, not succinctly. For one thing the facts are so many that they will need some time to explain, and considering the irresponsible nature of the resolution the Government—high quarters I may add—

feel that it would not be injudicious if the vote is not taken at all.

Chettiar: That is right. We will tell the president to rule the motion out of order.

Whitcomb: That is not exactly what I meant. What I thought was to allow the opposition to move it and then—

Chettiar (*catching the hint*): You mean, have it talked out?

Whitcomb: Exactly.

Chettiar: I shall do it.

Whitcomb: Excellent. With your secretary's help I am sure—

Chettiar: Secretary! What is he good for?

Whitcomb: I merely suggested that he would be of use to you in looking up references and so forth. Of course the speech will have to be your own. We detect your style immediately. The last one you made, before New year, was splendid. By-the-by, talking of the New year, I understand that the Government are likely to award only one knighthood in the presidency this year. It is obvious whose claims are the highest.

Chettiar: Oh, I have tried to do my duty. I shall make a good speech. You needn't be worried on that account.

Whitcomb: Splendid. Good-day, then.

Chettiar (*rising and accompanying him to the door right*): Oh, I sent a young fellow with a letter to you. A chap for a job. I had to write it. Son of a constituent, you know. But you needn't bother yourself.

Whitcomb: Oh, I think I can do something for the young man. There is a vacancy in my office.

Chettiar: That was just formal. I scarcely know the fellow. If you really have a vacancy I shall send my nephew, that is, if you don't mind.

Whitcomb: Not in the least. Send him by all means. Good-day (*Exit right*).

Chettiar (*Sitting down and smiling*): Sir Krishnaswamy Chettiar. . . . Sir C. K. Chettiar. . . Sir Chempatty Krishnaswamy Chettiar. . . . Sir Krishnaswamy Chettiar and Lady Chettiar left Madras last night for Jemmalamadugu. . . (*Enter Ramu right*).

Chettiar: Ah, prepare a speech for the next Council session in defence of the Government policy in regard to the land tax. Make it a long one. (*Front door bell rings*). Am I to have no rest? (*Ramu goes out*).

Chettiar: Sir C. K. Chettiar rising amidst applause—(*Enter Ramu and charity secretary*).

Charity S. (*briskly*): I am the secretary of the Society for the Supply of Purple Sock Suspenders for Harijans. The Harijan question, as you know, is in the minds of all Indians. I needn't add what a noble cause I represent. How much are you willing to subscribe?

Chettiar: Let me see the list.

Charity S.: Unfortunately I left it behind.

Chettiar: How can I decide what to give before seeing what others have given?

Charity S.: I don't remember the names but people in high circles have donated. Mr. Whitcomb, whom I saw just leaving your door, has promised a substantial donation.

Chettiar: Is that so? Where is my cheque book? How much has he promised?

Charity S.: H'm, I don't remember the figure but something substantial.

Chettiar: What is substantial?

Charity S.: I should put it at Rs. 2,000.

Chettiar: Well, I shall be semi-substantial.

Charity S.: Ha-ha-ha, that is a good one. Thank you. A very good joke indeed. I hope I can get it cashed without difficulty. I must tell it to the boys at the club. Good-day.

Chettiar: Just a minute, are you going to announce the names of donors?

Charity S.: Oh, yes. We will publish them in the newspapers.

Chettiar: That's right. Good-day. (*Exit charity secretary, right. Bell rings again*).

Chettiar: Am I to have no rest? (*Exit Ramu R. and enter*).

Ramu: The "Madras Mail" reporter wants to see you, sir.

Chettiar: Ask him to come in. (*Ramu goes to door R and ushers in reporter.*)

Reporter: Good morning, sir. I came to interview you on a rather delicate subject.

Chettiar: Don't beat about the jungle. What is it?

Reporter: Please read that, sir. (*Hands a sheet of paper*).

Chettiar: H'm, 'Ninety-nine per cent. of Indian husbands don't kiss their wives. Kissing is confined to babies in India '—Mr. Sri Prakash in the Assembly. Well?

Reporter: I was wondering—

Chettiar: Who sent you? Did you come of your own accord?

Reporter: No, the editor sent me.

Chettiar: To see me?

Reporter: Yes sir. I hope you have something to say.

Chettiar: Certainly. I have. 'Ninety nine per cent of Indian husbands don't kiss their wives.' Then whose wives do they kiss?

Reporter: The point is—

Chettiar: I will have to ask my wife about it.

Reporter: But haven't you ever kiss—

Chettiar: What?

Reporter: I—I—

Chettiar: But why should I give your paper an interview? I was forgetting. You never publish any of my speeches in full. I am not only not giving you an interview but am going to stop subscribing to your paper.

Reporter: Of course we edit rather well.

Chettiar: Edit! Rather well! You call that editing! You give half a page to mention the virtues of coal tar soap or Maccallum's whisky and barely a paragraph to my speech. Editing!

Reporter: But they are advertisements. We are paid for them.

Chettiar: What of it? If you want money I shall pay you any amount. You can go now. Kissing!

Reporter: I shall be ever so obliged if you will give me the interview.

Chettiar: Young man, you ought to be far more obliged I did not set the dog on you. That is all (*Exit reporter right*).

* * * *

SCENE III

The Conference hall. On the platform are seated *Dewan Bahadur Krishnaswamy Chettiar* and some other people. The delegates are the audience. As the curtain (if there is one) goes up the secretary of the Association is concluding. He is proposing Chettiar to the chair and, as is usual, has been at it for the last half hour.

Secretary: ....no worthier man than the Hon. Dewan Bahadur Chempatty Krishnaswamy Chettiar and I have great pleasure in proposing him to the chair (*Applause*).

(*Chettiar rises and takes the presidential chair*).

The president of the reception committee: (*Reading*) 'We the Rajakarma Petrol Bunk Keepers' Association, present this address as a small token of our love and admiration for you. We are justly proud that you found time to grace this occasion with your presence, in the midst of your multifarious activities. Your services to the country are manifold and your achievements have only been surpassed by your sacrifices. Poor or rich, king or peasant, old or young, Hindu or Muslim, man or woman, all have met with the same courtesy and consideration at your hands. In the question whether Indian Police officers should wear laced turban or European hat you stood stoutly by the former and won. You stood for the people's rights and privileges in the Brahmin Anti-Tuft Bill, in the Bill to Prevent Spitting on the Roads and in the Bill to Provide Clean Uniforms for the Electric Tramway Conductors and Drivers. In the midst of all this you did not find it too much for you to become the President of the Society for the Distribution of Union Jacks among the Todas, the American Film Actress's Fan League, the Washermanpet Archæological Society.........'

(*The address goes on but we cannot listen to all that*).

(*Chettiar rises to make his presidential address. He takes a pinch of snuff, wipes his eyes, takes out the roll of manuscript and begins.*)

Chettiar: Mr. President of the Reception Committee, ladies and gentlemen. When I was asked to preside over this 3rd session of the Rajakarma Petrol Bunk Keepers' Conference it was with great diffidence I accepted the offer, knowing fully well my own shortcomings and knowing how many there are better fitted to direct the deliberations of this important assembly. I accepted the h'm—honorous responsibility because I felt that humble as I am I would be able to contribute my share to your proceedings to-day.

The president of the reception committee has said a lot of nice things about me. I thank him for them. I like to hear nice things said about me. Here smile—er—Ugh—Ugh. As I was saying I like to—I—I—I have tried to do for the country by fair and constitutional means, what I have felt best in her own interests and those of the people. There is a Latin saying-saying—saying—saying—er—*Labouroree est ororee*, h'm—which as all of us know means work is prayer. If one discharges his duty without fear or favour conscious—conscientiously it is tanta mount to prayer.

Some people accuse the Government of being the cause of all the evils in the country. If they will pause enough for inspection—introspection —they will learn a lot of unpleasant truth about themselves. They will learn that they themselves are the primary cause of all the social evils they are complaining about. But the Rajakarma Petrol Bunk Keepers' Association is definitely an exception. You, gentlemen, abided by the counsel of your superiors and waited and watched, and now that India is to be granted responsibility at the centre (*rubbing his stomach*) it need hardly be said that if the authorities forget this signal gesture of yours and omit to grant you your just claims and redress your genuine grievances, you would yet not have toiled in vain. You have your glorious past before—er— (*looking at manuscript*) behind you and a more glorious future (*peering into the manuscript*) before you. Act now,

gentlemen. The iron is redhot. Strike while it is so. Here strike an attitude—I—I—(*coughs*).

Gentlemen, we are passing through a momentous period in the history of the country, fraught with the gravest consequences to us. The constitution of India is in the melting pot though the fire has not been lit. The old order has changed but has not given place to the new. The destinies of nations are hanging in the balance—a spring balance I am sorry to say. Our ideas and beliefs are undergoing a cataclys—cataclym—a revolution. There is not peace and goodwill on earth. In these troublous times what is needed is faith in God, faith in principles, and above all faith in humanity. The League during its chequered career of 15 years has not been able ever to present a united front. No country has taken on itself the task of fulfilling its obligations under the Covenant of the League. Britain has shown remarkable willingness to do her duty but she cannot take any isolated action. Everything she does has to be within the framework of the League and consistent with her international obligations, with the Kellogg corn flakes—er—pact. If the League would but search, it would learn a lesson from a small but united community which has by its amazing discipline and faith shown itself to be a model to the world, which has ever stood ready to fulfil its national and international obligations—I mean the Rajakarma Petrol Bunk Keepers' Association (*applause*).

Unostentatiously your community has marched forward with joy in your hearts, a light in your eyes and a note-book in your hands. You...... ....(*voice lost*).

[CURTAIN]

'I TRAVELLED AS I PLEASED.'

By P. Damodaran, *Class IV*

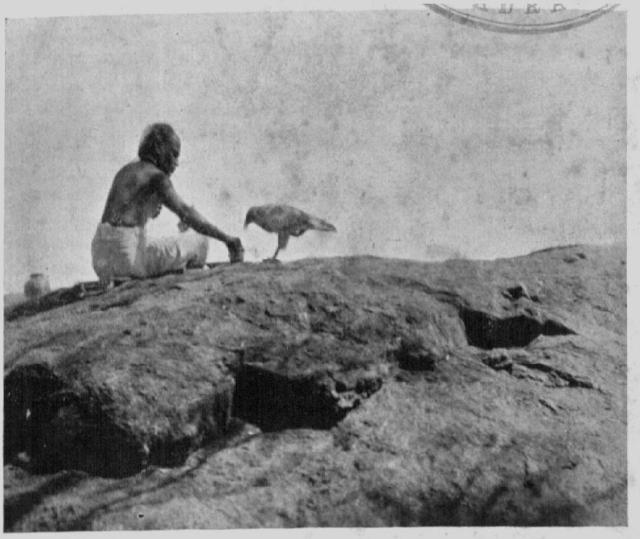
On 15th December 1935, I purchased a 'Travel-as-you-please' ticket, found out a comfortable corner in the Shencottah Passenger, and left Madras at 7.30 a.m. A few hours brought me to Pondicherry: I had heard of the Pier, the Statue of Dupleix, the Glass Palaces, Government House and Arobindo Ghose's Ashram. No rickshaw-walla knew where the statue of Dupleix was; but all seemed to know the statue of one 'Mandala-Dorai.'

At Pondicherry I was mistaken for an itinerant eucalyptus vendor, because of the tiny suit case I carried. For the same reason I was taken for a commission agent at Mangalore later.

I left Pondy at 9 o'clock at night and reached Tanjore the next morning, by the Trivandrum Express, and during the day visited the Brihadeeswaran Temple, the Mettur Canal, the Gardens, the Raja's Tank, the Mahratta Fort, and the Big Cannon. I was told that the Gopuram of the Tanjore temple casts no shadow and the Nandi (the Stone-Bull) was the biggest of its kind in India. As to the Gopuram, I visited the temple at 6.30 a. m. when no shadows are cast at all. As to the Sacred Bull, I must admit that it was one of the biggest that I ever saw. I say *one* of the biggest because I saw an equally big Nandi two days later at Rameswaram.

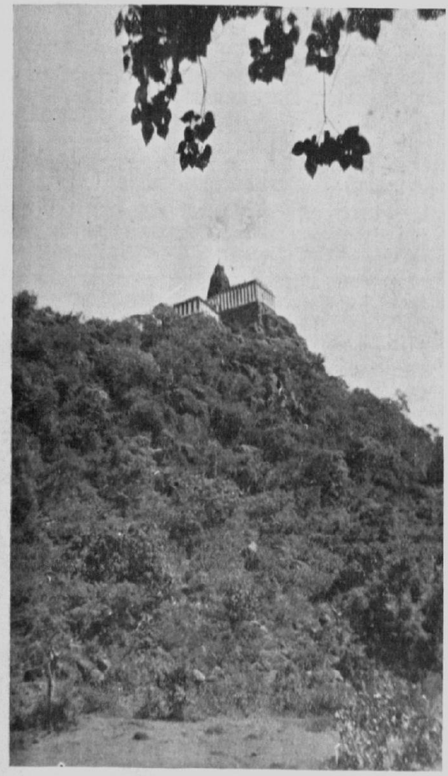
At half-past eight I left Tanjore for Kumbakonam, (I hesitate to pronounce the name), and saw the Mahamagham Tank, Sarangapani Koil, and the Government College on the banks of the Cauvery.

Leaving Kumbakonam I arrived at Chidambaram, the seat of the Annamalai University and the seat of Sree Nataraja. My mind flew back to the days when Bhaktha Nandanar was refused admission into the Chidambaram temple and to the days when Nandanar walked along the streets of Chidambaram. Thinking of Nandanar I came to think of K. B. Sundarambal, the music star who has of late been made a film star. I found that I was musically disposed and anyone nearby could have heard me humming '*Chidambaram Pokamal*' and later '*Chidambara Darisanamo*.' Within the short time at my disposal I did not forget to pay a flying visit to Annamalai Nagar. I was much impressed with the gardening arrangements there and thought that the same could be successfully done at Tambaram. Late in the evening I returned to the railway station. I could think of no place to stop for the night. I saw a train approaching. I did not know whither it was bound, nor did I care to know. I got in, found a comfortable berth and slept. The day dawned, and I found myself in Egmore again. I had a nice wash, change, fill and sleep, within the hospitable doors of my hostel. In the afternoon I visited our young warriors, I mean the U. T. C., at Pallavaram, on the same 'Travel-as-you-please' ticket.

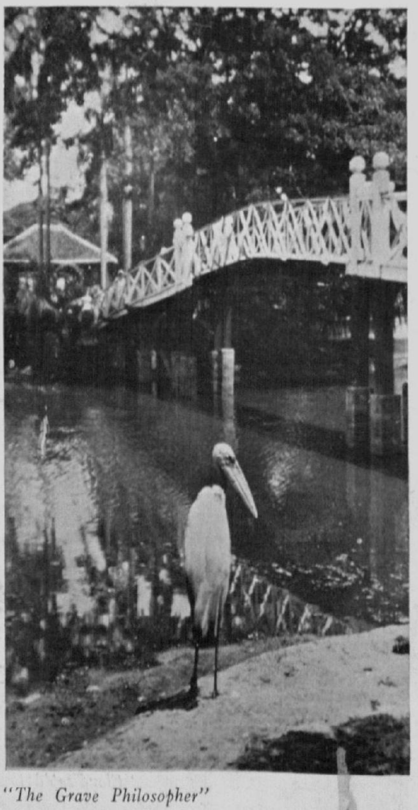


At Tirukkalikundram *A. Gopalamoorthi, Class I.*

"Cloud-cap'd towers" *R. Ramani, Class III.*



Hill-temple. *By P. R. Venkataraman, Class IV.*



"The Grave Philosopher"

By P. T. Balasingam, Class III.

The same night I left Madras for Rameswaram at 9 o'clock by the Indo-Ceylon Boat Mail. I fell fast asleep in the train. At a wayside station I was awakened by some passengers and asked to sit up and make room for them. Unwillingly I opened my eyes and found to my greatest astonishment that some of the passengers without seats belonged to the fair sex. Chivalrous as I am, or chivalrous as I then was, I vacated the seat and saw all of them comfortably seated. I occupied a corner seat, and spent the rest of the night drowsing. I passed through Tanjore, Trichy, Pudukkottai, Çhettinad and Manamadurai. At Manamadurai Junction a fat, dark, middle-aged man with a sort of curious spectacles got into my compartment. He called the newspaper boy and asked the price of all the papers and magazines that were for sale. After haggling for a long time for various papers he bought the cheapest paper, a 'quadranna' piece (that is ¼ anna) Tamil rag. Now that the paper was in his hands he did not read it. Very obligingly he offered the paper to me. 'Unfortunately I could not read Tamil; but out of courtesy to my fellow-traveller (or else to conceal my ignorance) I pretended that I was reading. I was afraid he might a any moment ask me to read it aloud. Later I found myself in conversation with my new friend. He asked me about the Italo-Abyssinian war and wanted my opinion as to who would win. I said, 'Italy'. He wanted the reasons to support my opinion. I said, '*Mussolini periyavar, Italy periya-rajyam*', exhibiting my mastery of Tamil. Unfortunately he was an Abyssinia-minded man. However we parted good friends at Ramnad.

The Indo-Ceylon Express steamed out of Mandapam Station, and I was on the Pamban bridge connecting the Island of Rameswaram to the mainland. The Pamban bridge is one of the engineering wonders of India and is nearly a mile-and-a half in length across the sea. It was a tremendous sight to see the breakers coming and dashing against the bridge and rocks. I reached Rameswaram at 5-30 in the evening and was taken round the famous temple of the South by a guide. He could not understand me when I told him that my object in going over there was only sight-seeing, and that I was not prepared to pay anything to the gods. His wonder knew no limits when I refused to take a plunge in any of the *Theerthams* (Holy Pools). He pointed out a pool to me, the water in which is considered to be the Holiest of Holies, a drop of which frees one of all the sins he has committed.

At 8 o'clock in the night I left Rameswaram and arrived at Srirangam early next morning. The temple and the town of Srirangam are on a delta formed by the Cauvery. The temple is one of the biggest Vaishnava temples in India. I found both the temple and the town in a very insanitary condition. At Srirangam I found dirt and pigs everywhere. Leaving Srirangam I reached Trichy and walked straight to the Rock Fort, which is 503 ft. above sea-level, with a temple at the top, affording a magnificent prospect of the Cauvery and the island of Srirangam, the *Gopurams* of the celebrated temple of Srirangam being visible above the foliage.

I left Trichy Fort for Erode at 2 o'clock. Erode is one of the most uninteresting places that I have visited. I got into a train at Erode

at 10 o'clock in the night, and slept with a determination to wake up at Podanur to change for Palni by the 1-30 train. I woke up to find that I was between Podanur aud Olavakkot. My plans being frustrated I changed for Palghat and arrived there at 3 a.m. The rest of the night I spent in the train, and completed the sleep I began at Erode. When I woke up, I found the train moving and the railway guide I had with me told me that I had travelled to Olavakkot and back to Palghat without my knowledge. From Palghat my next plan was to proceed to Palni via Pollachi by the 6 o'clock train. It struck 6-30 and the train was not moving. I asked for an explanation. The explanation came and it gave me a shock. Owing to some damage to a bridge at Pushpathur on the Pollachi-Palni line, there were certain changes in the train timings, and the next train for Pollachi was to leave Palghat only at 8 o'clock! I left for Olavakkot once again, and the train stopped near the Commonwealth Tile Factory to attach some tile waggons to it. I found the Kalpathi river so tempting and smiling within a short distance of Olavakkot station that I got down, and had a nice plunge in the cool waters. I was back to the railway station just in time to miss the 8 o'clock train for Pollachi. As I was one who could travel as he pleased, I left Olavakkot for Coimbatore. From Coimbatore I went to Palni, arriving there at 6 o'clock in the evening the same day.

Palni is the pilgrim's paradise. The picturesque Palni Hill, 450 feet high, is famous as the abode of Sri Subramanya, to whom the temple at the top is dedicated. The temple is believed to be a very ancient one, and from its position on the hill it commands a picturesque view. The worshippers and Pujaris of the god were more obliging and polite at Palni than in many other places of pilgrimage.

Thinking of Palni, one cannot but think of Sree Subramanya. That brings home to our, or at least brought home to my mind, various Subramanya Iyers whom I know and of whom I have heard. I thought of Sir Subramanya Iyer, Subramanya Sastri and Subramanya Dikshithar; I thought of many Subramanyans in different walks of life, up from the High Court Bench down to the attenders in Colleges. I thought of the Subramanyans in my class and in my College. There were Sivasubramanyans, Anandasubramanyans, Ramasubramanyans, Sivaramasubramanyans and Balasubramanyans; but not a single Yuvasubramanyan. I thought of the immense hold that the god Subramanya has on the Brahmin community. Then I remembered Mr. C. R. Reddy's complaint against the Raja of Bobbili that gods are made instruments in party propaganda. This made me think of the Justice party. Silently rose before me the stalwart figures of Dr. Nayar, the Raja of Panagal, Sir P. T. Chetty and the Raja of Bobbili. This recalled to my mind the recent and the coming elections. I thought of the Congress party, of Mahatma Gandhi, of the Golden Jubilee and of Babu Rajendra Prasad. Oh! it was only a few months back that the President of the Congress visited Palni. Again I am in Palni. How I pictured the frail, thin, weak, asthmatic patient, climbing up the flight of steps, seven to eight times as high as the Caithness Hall tower, helped by Mr. Sathyamurthi (I am not sure whether the Madras Congress leader was there at all).

At half-past-ten in the night, I left Palni for Madura. When my train reached Madura I felt so sleepy that I decided to stay in the train till the break of day. Daybreak found me at Maniyachi and by 11 o'clock in the day I was in Tenkasi Junction. An old gentleman, with whom I had got acquainted in the train joined me and hired a bullock-cart (that was the only conveyance available at the place) for Courtallam. The celebrated water-falls at Courtallam are worth a holiday visit. At Courtallam, we found that we had only twenty minutes at our disposal, to be back in time to catch the Trivandrum Express for Trivandrum. This discovery led to a slight change in our programme there. Our previous programme was to take our bath in the falls and to take our food in a hotel at Courtallam. Now that there was no time for both, we decided to divide the few minutes we had between us. He agreed to take only the food and I to take only the bath. I must say that a wash in the Falls is more splendid than a hotel meal at Courtallam.

With break-neck speed we drove to Shencottah and were in time to miss the Express for Trivandrum but just in time to catch the Express for Madras. In our hurry to get into the train, we who had been faithful companions for the past few hours separated, and I never saw my old friend again. At half-past-six in the evening I reached Madura and was taken round the famous Meenakshi Temple by a friend. Madura is known as the 'Athens of Southern India', and its chief attractions are the Meenakshi Temple, the Thirumala Naik's Palace and the Teppakulam. The Meenakshi Temple is a lofty and massive structure, and contains specimens of ancient Hindu architecture which no tourist ought to miss. The Thirumala Naik's Palace, a unique piece of masonry with pillars and walls of enormous strength and solidity, is a wonderful sight. Its regal courts and courtyards are now used to house the several public offices of both Madura and Ramnad districts. The Teppakulam is the largest tank I have ever seen, with a small island in the middle, to which one can cross over in a boat if he pays an anna. The island has a small temple and many fruit-bearing trees.

I left Madura for Tellicherry (via Trichy, Erode and Calicut), arriving there on the 23rd December at 12 noon. The next day I left for Mangalore and spent Christmas night there. The railway journey from Tellicherry to Mangalore makes one fall in love with the West Coast. From Pallikarai to Mangalore, for a distance of about 40 miles, the railway line runs very close to the Arabian Sea. At Kasergod the distance between the two is only a few yards.

From Mangalore, I went to Ernakulam and crossed over to Cochin to see the Cochin Harbour and the Jewish Synagogue. From Cochin, I returned to Tellicherry on the 27th. As my 'Travel-as-you-please' ticket was to expire by the mid-night of the 29th, I left Tellicherry on the Congress Jubilee Day (the 28th) for Madras (via Erode, Trichy and Villupuram), arriving there on the 29th at 3 p.m. The further life of my ticket was restricted to a few hours. Within the short time at my command I went to Tambaram, looked at the College buildings and finished my tour at Madras Beach.

Now let me tell you the exact number of miles I covered. Be sure that you don't get a shock! It is 3,204 miles. The entire S.I.R. system is

only 2,459 miles! Now, friends, please don't take this magazine to any S. I. R. servant. If your parent or relative happens to be a railway servant, keep this magazine out of his reach,—especially if he is in the M.S.M. Railway, for I am seriously thinking of purchasing a 12/8 'Travel-as-you-please' ticket that I hear they are issuing for the coming Easter holidays, and making use of the opportunity to visit Bangalore, Poona, Bombay, Dharwar, Goa, Hubli, Belgaum, Masulipatam, Waltair and Vizag. If they scent anything of my journey in the S. I. R. they might refuse to give me a ticket. In that case I gain Rs. 12/8 and the M.S.M. Railway Company loses it.

THE WORDLESS SONG

By "B"

Whose gentle fingers touched the silent string,
And set it vibrant, thrilling all my nerves?
Whose heavenly voice swell'd out in harmony
The wordless song, echoing in my heart?
And wherefore silent now, oh Voice and String,
That entwined woke sweet melody in me?
Waning, wafted into an eternal past,
Silent,—and yet, alive in memory,
Like rumblings of the distant splashing waves,
Like perfume breathing o'er the garden wall,
Mellowed and hushed and soft, and yet refreshing,—
Still, wherefore vanished?

KARMA

By Tharyan Mathew, *Class II.*

The frontier Indian Military Hospital was filled to over-crowding. There had been a slight disagreement between the Tekkel Tribe and their neighbours the Mahommads over some boundary question, and the problem had been settled, as usual on the North-Western Frontier, by the shedding of blood.

Amir Chengiz Khan of the Tekkel Tribe was one of the patients. He had been 'winged' by a Mohammad. A furrow, an inch deep, showed along his forearm, where the farewell message of the dying enemy had ploughed its way. More serious cases were plentiful, and hence Amir was left to his own devices for a week.

Amir's ward was a huge tent. His fellow-sufferers were seriously-wounded Pathans, and the attendant of the ward, a huge Punjabi, was an ardent believer in the doctrine of Karma. Hence, the Khan felt a trifle lonely, and of course a bit frightened.

Amir's *charpoy* was near the operating theatre, and from it he could observe the patients going in and coming out of the doctor's room. The first day he saw the attendant lead a wounded Mohammad into the tent in order to have his wound cleansed. Amir, who had, heard without a tremor, the war-cry of the *feringhee* during a bayonet charge, felt scared at the blood-curdling yells that issued from the tent. Cautiously he approached the attendant, and asked him what had been the cause of the hideous yells. The philosopher however folded his brawny arms across his chest, and shrugging his broad shoulders, replied, 'It is Karma. What is written must come to pass.' This did not enlighten the poor Pathan, but he controlled his curiosity, and returned to his *charpoy*.

The following day a friend of Amir, another Pathan of the Tekkel Tribe, who had been wounded in the arm during the fray, was carried in by the attendant to have his festering forearm amputated. For several minutes Amir was deafened by the shrill curses and shouts in the native Pushtu. Suddenly the noise subsided, and Amir saw his friend reappear, a wan smile on his face and minus an arm. Anxiously he summoned the Punjabi, and asked him why his friend Sher Khan had lost his arm. Again the shoulders lifted in a shrug and the answer came 'Ask it of the Gods, O Fool! It is Karma!'. The Pathan, feeling decidedly uncomfortable, retired to his corner, surprised and bewildered at the inexplicable nature of Karma.

The fifth day, two days before he was to go up before the doctor Sahib, Amir noted a very sick Mohammad being hurriedly wheeled into the doctor's tent. The operation, a serious one, proved a failure, and ten minutes later, the Khan was shocked to see the attendant wheel the corpse out. This time, overcoming his repugnance, he stopped the attendant, and, pointing to the corpse, he asked the Punjabi for an explanation. This time an oily smile accompanied the

answer. 'It is written and it shall come to pass. It is Karma!' Quietly the Pathan returned to his bed.

This time he did not crouch despondently in his bed, as on the previous occasions. Gathering his belongings, he slung his rifle over his shoulder and strode majestically out of the ward. He caught his horse, saddled him, and was preparing to ride away, when he was accosted from behind.

It was the surprised attendant's turn to question him, now. 'Friend Amir,' said he, 'Whither art thou going? Thou knowest that in two days, it is thy time to go before the doctor for thy operation.' The answer came sharply, 'It is written, and it shall come to pass. It is Karma! It is better to die fighting and to go to my forefathers thus, than to die at the hands of the poor *feringhee*, who has for his attendant the eldest son of the devil! It is also decreed, O faithful friend, that in token of thy services I give thee this!' Leaning forward in the saddle, he slapped him full in the face, as he rode away into the inhospitable country, from which he had appeared. The Punjabi philosopher stood transfixed for some time, then rubbing his bearded face he repeated, almost mechanically, 'It is Karma. All is in the hands of Fate!'

MAIDEN ATTEMPTS

By M. Anantaraman, *Post-graduate student* (*Zoology*)

'Experience' said Goldsmith, 'is a good teacher'—and I entirely agree with him. But what is experience? Is it not a thing that is acquired? You do not gather experience in a ready-made condition, nor is it served in exchange for 'consideration' like a handy plate of fruit salad. And the process of acquiring it is always tormenting, tantalising, irritating, provoking—in fact, it is everything that you ordinarily hate. I have passed through certain distinct phases of life, and have also gone through the respective experience at each stage. It is generally amusing to reflect, in a reminiscent vein, upon what is past. We actually take a glory in recounting the past, and what was at the time most harassing and distressing is now a matter for light and easy talk.

* * * *

My friend was an expert cyclist. He could demonstrate circus feats with his cycle. He could ride at record speed, he could manipulate the machine for slow speed. He could pedal with one foot, even ride without pedalling at all, releasing his hold on the handle-bar. It got into his head that he should train me as a good cyclist. The idea of learning the art of cycling had never entered my head. But there are some things to which you yield on persuasion. So one day my friend commenced his first lesson.

It was a beautiful moon-light night. On the marina, at 11 p.m., I was asked to hold the cycle. I managed to hold it in spite of its frequent threats to incline sideways and confirm the theory of gravitation. My tutor put me on the saddle and gave me instructions, one per second. I gathered a vague idea that I was to sit firm, hold the handle-bar tight, chest square and eyes straight, and pedal with a uniform circular motion. In fact, all my limbs and presence of mind were called upon to 'fall in' at the time. I had my doubts if they would respond properly. But I seated myself on the saddle as instructed.

My director held the machine and told me that I was all right, though the silly heart within was thumping with an increased frequency. I was trying to restore composure, recollecting that heroes of old had encountered situations where their very lives were in danger. My spirit of self-reliance rose up in clamour. 'If I am going to funk on the bike, how on earth am I going to prove a worthy citizen?' I was seriously reflecting. Suddenly, there was a jerk and a push, and all alone, I was on the bike which was rolling fast. I almost felt as one half-way through the process of falling headlong from the top of a precipice into the bottomless abyss, and painfully conscious of the impending catastrophe.

I did hold the handle-bar tight, I did sit firm on the saddle, chest square and eyes straight. I was dashing along like the fairy on the winged horse. But something happened to the course of things. Like the ardent lover who, not having seen his sweetheart for years together, and

finding her without anticipation, rushes towards her and commences a little scene the details of which would never in normal moments have been contemplated; like the grief-laden father who, having instituted very minute searches for his long-lost son and having almost given up hopes of seeing him, suddenly finding him at the end of a railway platform, jumps out of the train before it has completely stopped, heedless of consequences,—like these and similar things, my bike took a wild and direct course towards a lamp-post, and came into violent and passionate contact with it. With a broken lamp, a dented mudguard and a fractured right arm, I sat on the road, while I could hear the faint voice of my friend in the distance trying to broadcast words of encouragement.

I gathered myself up and the machine with some effort. I led the cursed machine along, which in itself was no easy task. And when I met my friend he was laughing outright as if there was something humorous in the situation.

I just handed the bike over to him, and with chest square and eyes straight, marched off directly home, trying to forget things, though my right arm constantly kept reminding me of them.

'You must have a fall or two and you must sustain some wounds; else, you cannot learn cycling', I heard some friends say. So, I got on a borrowed bike and all by myself began to learn the art. This time I was anxious to fall off and sustain some wounds. Else, how could I learn cycling? After a couple of months' perseverance, and after some temporary modifications to the nasal and ocular structures, I became a master-cyclist. And now, I can go with absolute ease on any machine, provided of course there is no traffic of any sort on the road and the machine itself is self-balancing.

* * * *

A SHANDY

By S. P. Appasamy, *Class II, Group 1-A*

A few days after I returned to my village for my holidays, my uncle invited me to accompany his party to the shandy. As it was quite a long time since I had been 'to the Fair', I decided to go. Now, there are two shandies which the people of my village go to. One is near by, a matter of about seven miles away. This one is attended nearly every week by the whole village, to lay in a stock of provisions, such, that is, as are not grown or made at home, and to sell their surplus productions. This was not the one we were going to this time. The other one is held at a much larger village about three times as distant as the first. It is a much bigger affair. Fancy articles, books of kinds, clothes, carts, cattle and livestock are sold, besides an enormous number of odds and ends. Itinerant workmen, masons, carpenters and day-labourers swell the crowd, trying to find work for the ensuing week. Though the primary function of a shandy is barter, it is, incidentally, a meeting place where the whole country-side gathers, gossips, and generally enjoys a day off. Business and recreation are combined. The excursion relieves the monotony of the week and keeps one in touch with the outside world. The shandy plays quite an important part in the life of the village. It was to this one that we were going.

Preparations for the expedition were intensive. Our little village is poor, and there are only three serviceable carts. As the journey is tiresome, various families take turns in attending it. On this occasion my uncle's family with a few volunteers was representing the village. The stock to be sold was, therefore, gathered from each house and loaded on the carts. Strict accounts have to be rendered, so this is a tedious process, which involves much discussion and hence takes a very long time. Then orders for purchases are canvassed, and carefully noted. Having arranged all these details more or less amicably by nightfall, we gathered for an early dinner at my uncle's house, and then prepared ourselves to get as much sleep as possible.

Before three in the morning we were aroused. A hasty donning of clothes and shawls followed, since it was cold at night. Cups of coffee were handed round, with a little to eat, and then we set out. The laden carts which had stood in the yard had left much earlier in the night. Throats were cleared, for the moist air of the morning tightened on one's throat, eyes were kneaded with knuckles, and the last yawns were done before we were out of the village. We marched to the swing of the lanterns which led the way. Every one was silent at first, but as we warmed with the exercise more words were exchanged, and the little party paired off into talkers or walked in groups listening to a narrative. I lagged behind, because I disliked the glare of the lanterns and the weird shadows they cast. The dim white of the road was cold and damp under my bare feet. It was a sombre night. A pack of jackals howled in chorus from a distant sugarcane plantation, the sound being borne with startling intensity by the still night air. The trees that lined the road, old banyans,

rustled, whispering to each other the omens of the night. Flying foxes whirred or sailed noiselessly among the branches. But the scents of the night are the most delightful. The smell of wood smoke and cattle near a village, the aroma of fresh upturned earth from a newly ploughed field, and the indescribable smell of growing corn, told me what the darkness on either side concealed. Even the monotonous slip-slap of the sandals is pleasant, and it certainly keeps the pace from flagging. And so we went on till we turned off from the main road into a short cut through the fields. We walked in single file now. The grass which bordered the path wetted our feet, cooling and refreshing them. A lone jackal loped silently across a field nearby, or a snake rustled, causing a momentary halt, but otherwise the straggling line swung on at a round four and a half miles per hour. Then the eastern stars grew pale. Before we knew it the first crow had cawed, little birds chirupped as they came down for their first worms, and the sun reddened the low horizon. My companions formed a moving silhouette against the brilliance of the East. Our long shadows had shortened before we entered a village where we rejoined the high road. We stopped for a while, and washed and refreshed ourselves at the well. There were still some miles to go, so we hastened on. This last lap was far from pleasant. The road was crowded with people, and carts trundled noisily along. We felt very hot and dusty when, at last, we joined the throng at our destination.

Here was the shandy at last. The nearer we got to the walled enclosure the thicker grew the crowd. Women had spread out their stock-in-trade by the side of the road. The entrance was choked with in-going and outcoming humanity. Within, the air was thick with dust, and, besides the continual buzz of talk, was resonant with shouts. Our first care was to locate our carts and unload them. Then I sauntered away, leaving the others to carry on with their business. It would be tedious to enumerate what the various booths contained. The general picture, one of vegetables arranged in orderly heaps in the dust, grain in sack beyond sack and sweetmeats in pyramid after pyramid, is well-known. I wandered round, recognising many whom I had known, but the early part of the day is too precious to be spent in chatting, so I did not stop and talk. If there is a scene that is almost unchangeable it is that of a shandy. Year after year it is continued, new faces appear as old ones disappear, new articles are introduced perhaps, but the general tone, the disorder and the noise remain the same. But it was growing hotter and hotter. My interest in potatoes and cotton, bulls and clothes (in spite of the popularity of economics), was not strong enough to keep me from repairing to the house of a relation of ours, borrowing a mat and pillow, and measuring my length on the floor. I awoke about midday, quite ravenous. 'Ask and it shall be given thee', open thy mouth wide, and it shall be filled. The hospitality of the poor is proverbial. Thus fortified, I went back to the scene of action. It was quieter now and also less crowded. Our party had completed their transactions, but my uncle was still 'careful and troubled about many things'. I dared not offer to settle the accounts, so went away again and met my companions of bygone days, chatting happily.

Early in the day, everyone is in a holiday mood. The work of buying and selling is done lightly, spiced with chaff, and concluded with a smile. But how few of the men do not turn surly after some hours. The women scold shrilly at the slightest provocation at the end of the day. But our little cortege had loaded and dispatched the carts. They were anxious to follow for we had planned to be back just after dark. So we each shouldered the little bundles of the 'extras' which had been left behind, and got under way.

The women who had now joined us, kept the conversation rolling. They had come in the carts, but now these were overcrowded, so they had to walk back. The rapidity with which they collect items of gossip almost takes one's breath away. They knew all about the marriages that had taken place, were taking place, and would be taking place, to say nothing about sundry bits of scandal. But they must be excused. They owe a duty to their sisters in the village; they must provide conversation for at least a week, and they seldom fail. Few women come to this shandy. The younger wives cannot leave their homes for a whole day, for it is too great a distance for children. The older women prefer to stay at home; so it is the lean, wiry, middle-aged women that come. Their talk and bickering, with the musical clink of their toe-rings and bangles, relieved the tedium of an otherwise fatiguing march. A few miles out we overtook our carts. It was vain to try to find room for our bundles, so we trudged on leaving them behind. The afternoon sun 'took it out of' us, and the pace and talk had been sadly reduced before we halted at the village on the shortcut. After washing, drinking water, and of course filling our mouths with beetle leaves and nut, we again put our best legs forward.

The country just after sunset is soul-stirring. Perhaps, it is only after spending years in the city, that one fully appreciates the beauty of the country. The open horizon and the panorama of irregularly shaped fields, some green, some brown, stretching on and on, is a tonic to the eyes. The serried lines of dark palmyras against the orange evening sky, the little hamlets nestling under clusters of dark green trees, and the unbroken stretch of the fields, all wrapped in the magic air of sunset, induce silence in the soul. One retires into oneself and a suffusion of 'peace that passeth all understanding' envelops the spirit. The old saying 'God made the country' *is* true. Everything shares that dignity, solemnity and grandeur that reminds one of the Maker of the Universe .... But it grew rapidly darker until we were forced to light our lanterns again. It was also getting cold, so we swathed ourselves in our upper-cloths and shawls. The line of shrouded figures swung on in silence as if on some mysterious errand. We were all tired and our minds had flown ahead and reached home before our bodies. At last we came back to the soft dust of the high road. The pace was quicker now. On the last mile home we started singing boisterously, for a feeling of of happiness overwhelmed us. We drowned the dismal yowling of the jackals. Ah, there was the familiar track leading to the village. Now the lights twinkle from one or two doorways; now the huts loom right ahead, in the shadows. We rushed on impetuously, each to his own abode, and let loose a torrent of words. We are home.

THE OUTCASTS OF PERIAMET CORNER

By E. R. Rabindran, *Class III.*

[The following are the autobiographies of five of the many outcasts that spend their lives on the roadside, placidly awaiting, but at the same time unnecessarily fearing, death. Their existence is a problem to the world, a disgrace to civilisation, and a torture to the less corrupted of those that happen to see and think of them].

Number One.—I am a Moplah woman. My age is thirty-two. I have got five children, the eldest of whom is nine and the last is this baby. Every one of them is sick, the names of the diseases I cannot mention since their future has ceased to trouble me. My husband, who is a Moplah rebellion ex-convict, though a good man himself, is blind, because small-pox never comes single amongst our class. He has of late developed sores all over his body, which my neighbour says is leprosy. He is absolutely unfit to earn food for us. It is over four months that we are here, and still we go on existing—existing—

Number Two.—I am a pariah and a man. I have got my woman with me and our three children are no more—they died in the course of a day last week. I was a cooly in the tea plantations of Ceylon. I returned for reasons that people like you can never fathom, and since my return three months ago, this is my home and my everything. This has ceased to be a suffering to us. The last time that I did any work was to carry a big box to the other end of the street. I came back, and lay on the pavement for a week unconscious with high fever. I have a terrible cough and am spitting blood. Throughout the last week we have had rice to eat bought by the four annas that we collected by exhibiting the dead bodies of our children. Somehow or other we *go on* existing—existing—

Number Three.—I am a Nayar—and was once a tiller of my own land in the sweet land of Malabar. The glamour of employment in a Madras coffee hotel and the nearness of Thirupathi were the chief causes that made me to come here, and I never expected this. Here I lie throughout the day and at night I beg. Though terribly miserable, I go on existing—existing—

Number Four.—I am a lad of thirteen; and as far as I can remember, have always been in this great city. I have no father, and my mother left me in the hospital, where I was admitted with both my arms fractured, early last year. The doctors have taken away both my arms. But for the great pain I suffered, my life in the hospital was very pleasant. From the day they discharged me, I have been living around this corner, and have grown to love it. The gay people that come in buses sometimes give me something and I live upon it. I too have my own sorrows. When I am sick at times, I suffer very much—but yet I go on existing—existing—

Number Five.—I am an old dog. But I have never had my day. I was born in the ditch, and now I am an occupant of this corner. Till now I have eluded capture by the Corporation men—and now I do not fear it, for very many will not even come near me. I have got mange of the worst type all over my body. I know that my death is very near. I often get a lot to eat. The miserable human beings whose company I share, at times take compassion upon me and feed me. At times I wonder whether death is not sweet. And so, I go on existing—existing—

AN EVENING WALK BY THE SEA-SHORE

By A. N. Krishnamurty, *Class I, Group i. A.*

After a hard day's work nothing is more refreshing than a quiet walk along the shore of the sea. While the exercise is good for our bodies, the presence of the ocean seems to have a peculiarly tranquillising influence upon our minds. Every sight and sound inspires a spirit of rest and peacefulness, and the effect is enhanced by the absence of the sights and sounds to which we have been exposed throughout the day. It is a delightful change after escaping from the noisy bustle of our daily work, to hear the ceaseless music of the waves and to breathe the fresh sea-breeze instead of the vitiated atmosphere of office or class-room. During our walk along the margin of the sea, we enjoy the view of the broad expanse of waters spread out before our eyes, an unfailing source of delight to any one capable of appreciating the beauties of nature. For the ocean in all its changeful moods never ceases to be beautiful and is especially beautiful at the hour of sunset.

The spectacle presented by the setting sun, as it sinks beneath the ocean wave is one of the greatest charms of an evening walk by the sea-shore. In India for the greater part of the year, the clouds whose fantastic shapes and brilliant lines add so much to the beauty of an English sunset, are wanting. But even in a cloudless sky, when 'the broad sun is sinking down in tranquillity' and the 'gentleness of heaven is on the sea', the spectacle presented to the eye is full of calm beauty. For some time after the sun has set, the sky is suffused with delicate tints of colour until the first star begins to appear on its darkening surface and day finally gives place to night.

In the beginning and end of the monsoon we have splendid specimens of cloudy sunsets such as surpass the most vivid descriptions given by English poets and would, if faithfully depicted on canvas, be condemned as exaggerated representations of nature. At this time of year while the evening sky is still of an intense blue, the clouds are tinged with gold, and purple, and all the colours of the rainbow, and the sea beneath repeats the brilliant colouring of the sky and the clouds above. From such a revelation of the beauties of nature the poor man derives as much pleasure as the choicest collection of paintings and sculptures and other works of art affords to the millionaire. Indeed, when we look with reverent awe upon the sea and sky at the hour of sunset, it does not seem strange to us that the great powers of nature were once worshipped as gods; and the tranquillising effect that the sea especially in the evening has upon the spectator, enables us to understand how the ancients found it natural to go to the shore and pour out their sorrows to the sea, when the hearts were overburdened with care and no mortal being seemed capable of giving consolation.

ARE OUR IDEALS REALISABLE?

By M. K. Alexander (*Senior Post-graduate Student*).

A spark of idealism lights up the human personality. That spark separates him from the rest of animal creation. What is he, if bereft of this glow of idealism? Every man worth the name must have a divine discontent, which stirs him up to a vision of the great possibilities of life in the realisation of life's higher values. It may be that his vision is bounded by the horizon of his culture and civilization. Yet within that horizon, he should have the genuine aspiration to live up to the highest revealed to him. This aspiration has proved to be the saving feature of the world down through the ages. Wherever a sincere being has breathed, there was heard the heart-felt prayer: 'From the unreal lead me to the real, from darkness lead me to light, from death lead me to immortality.'

Of the great ideals of truth, beauty and goodness the sages and seers of yore spoke, the prophets foretold and the poets sang. The history of the world is aglow with the many lives consecrated and sacrificed all over the world, on the sacred altar of ideals.

An ideal may be described as a conception of what, if attained, would fully satisfy; of what is perfect of its kind, and in consequence is the pattern to be copied and the standard by which actual achievement is to be judged. The psychology of an idealist may reveal a sense of discontent with prevailing conditions, followed by an optimism which flies on the wings of faith, a hope, that at least temporarily transcends the hard matter-of-fact-realities of ordinary living, and above all a preparedness for adventure.

The great teachers of the world have enriched it with the teaching and realization of ideals. Socrates abiding by truth even through voluntary death by the cup of hemlock, Paul living the life of love unto the jaws of martyrdom, Mohamed in the far away desert preaching brotherhood in the teeth of deadly opposition, Rama and Krishna spending out their lives in the preservation of dharma, are landmarks in the progress of the world. In the uphill country of Persia, the great Zoroaster preached the need of purity of thought, word and deed, while down in the plains of the Yang-Teze-Kiang the noble Confucius taught the need of sacrificing the individual good for the common good. These are the signs of the past. In these we discover the promise of the future.

Is the ideal realised? We answer that in one sense, it is realised. It is said that the moral ideal is achieved every time we truly act. Further we know that multitudes find their ideals realised in some individual or object. The devotee, realising his ideal in the supreme being exclaims:

> 'O thou in whom we live and breathe,
>
> . . . .
>
> Holy and Almighty, yet infinitely close and near,
> Heart of our hearts, soul of our souls,
> Self of our true self.'

In another sense, the ideal is never attained. It is because of the progressive nature of ideals, that we are led

to think thus. Evolution has made us familiar with the idea of progress as applied to the life of nations and societies. Societies advance through successive stages of simultaneous differentiation and integration of their systems to ever higher and richer forms of life. *Pari passu* with the progress of nations and societies, there is also the progress of ideals. As we progress, the ideal unfolds and expands. Thus it is not possible for any one generation to realise the ideal in its absolute nature. Being what we are with our limited horizon of vision, we cannot comprehend the absolute ideal, just as we cannot gauge eternity and infinity. But who can dare to say that humanity in the dim, distant future will not reach that perfect stage of its culture and civilization, in which the inexplicable and incomprehensible of today will become sunclear ?

These ideas may best be summed up in the very effective expressions of of Sidgewick : 'The realisation of an ideal is both a process and a promise. The essence of the living universe is excelsior—higher, always more.'

THE AESTHETE

BY M. SUNDER KAMATH (*Junior Post-graduate Student*).

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—*Keats.*

This word 'Aesthete', 'appreciator of beauty', has a vast meaning for me. The abstract thought which underlies this single word, has long since taken shape, grown to huge dimensions, and stood clearly defined before my mind's outlook. Have you ever as children, wandering near the green cornfields of your native place or under mango-groves and verdant plantations, and thinking of faery possibilities, experienced that delight which comes of free, unrestricted, happy thinking, of giving free scope to innocent imagination, and coming into direct contact with Nature? When children think, they think of what they consider most happy and most pleasant. If we put the clock, say, some ten or twelve years back and recollect the daily experiences of that period, we may be able to recall moments when in the fields of thought we have led armies to battle, shown mercy to the fallen foe, received with dignity honour and praise, and like Sir Galahad, while leading a life of absolute purity, enjoyed to the uttermost all the noble and sweet factors of such a life. Now I am a captain of a specially selected band of fighting men, and we form a battalion which has become a terror to the foes. My chief has placed all confidence in me and relies upon me in moments of trouble. Or again, I find myself paddling alone in a small boat, on the bosom of the vast ocean, which is 'tranquil and verdant as a savannah.' Then having let alone the paddles, I begin fishing. As the red rays of the setting luminary softly caress me and the waters of the ocean put off their dark robes and wear rich multi-coloured clothes, I feel a strange influence and begin to sing. There are times again, when the imaginative capacities of youth have opened out ways into other spheres. I suppose myself suddenly grown rich with the help of some genie of a wonderful lamp. At once I shape in imagination a brother, who is in absolute need of some money. I place my hoards before him and cover up his surprise with protestations of eternal faith and love.

The beauty in life and the passions of life are appreciated keenly by the young boy. Not less does he appreciate beauty in nature. With what wild joy have we as boys danced at the sight of the sea and the gushing waves! If our people allowed it, we would dip our feet into the waters and lift up the white foam by handfuls. When the sun's rays fall aslant on verdurous valleys and cover them with a veil of mysterious sunshine, the boys playing on a prominence nearby, I mean, those who have inherent in them the asthetic bent, have wondered at the beauty in Nature. So it is with them when they hear the finest music or behold great works of architecture, great monuments, and the like. They have the power to grasp the significance of the beauty before them; but they have not the power of thought which the developed Aesthete has, of analysing and understanding in detail the beauty before them. They lack the power of concentrated thought, though not of perception and appreciation. They are true Aesthetes, these

gifted boys, but they are Aesthetes in the germ.

Coming to the developed man, we have a very large ground for discussion. I have always thought an Aesthete to be a man with rare privileges and rarest gifts. What gift can you consider more sublime and rich than the gift of perceiving beauty in its supreme form and in places where the ordinary man sees nothing? What gift can be more welcome than the gift which enables you to be happy at a mere sight or sound? And the happiness thus got is one of the highest forms of happiness available, for it purifies your soul, breathes an air of holiness in it, and turns it away from all that is base and low.

Aestheticism has, running through all its different factors, one unifying cord. The central idea is that Aestheticism signifies adoration of beauty. Now beauty may be discovered to exist in various ways. For example beauty predominantly can be discovered to underlie life and the passions of life. The love between the two girls Celia and Rosalind has been called beautiful by characters in the same play. Love, an abstract idea, is made concrete, given a form and shape which is then hailed as beautiful. That is exactly how the Aesthete perceives beauty. Again, for example, numerous are the instances of outbreaks of filial and parental love which have struck us with the sense of beauty. If the reader has read Hardy's novel *The Trumpet Major*, it needs no second person to point out how the love between two brothers can truly be denominated beautiful. There is a distinct element of beauty in such love. Friendship is a quality of which perhaps love is only an intenser form. Friendship in more cases than one has afforded true delight to the Aesthete's observing eye.

Beauty in 'Art' is a possession for ever. Great painters, sculptors, artists have thrilled the world with delight by their work in their different arts.

Music again exerts a strange influence on the Aesthete. The influence of art is delicate and cannot easily be analysed. Music affects him more directly. Music of the highest order has a message to convey to all, even to the most hardened individual; but with an Aesthete it works in a special manner. His gifts give him the power of receiving all the waves, the more subtle waves as well as the main ones. Music opens his eyes to behold visions of wonder unknown to other men. An adorer of beauty gets his education from the objects of his worship.

However, literature and nature are the main fountain-heads of beauty from which the Aesthete draws happiness. If art endures long, literature lives longer, for it lives in the heart and mind of man. It is an aggregation of all the most beautiful things. That is why men of a higher bent of mind have a passion for literature. Have you read how Keats went into raptures over Chapman's translation of Homer?

> Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
> That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
> Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
> Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
> —Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The aesthetic sense in Keats is satisfied when he sees Chapman's Homer, as in his followers his own works produced lasting effect. The

philosophical formation of Hamlet's character, the solid beauty and perfection of literary art in 'Macbeth', the tremendous storm of passion in 'Othello', all stir us strangely, almost purify us. Cowper and Burns delight us. To the Aesthete Wordsworth's poetry has great meaning, for it is deeply reflective and not shining with surface-glitter. The one characteristic quality of an Aesthete is the inherent reflective tendency of his nature. Without this quality, without this marked predilection to reflective life, one is never an Aesthete in the complete sense of the term. Observation and this reflective tendency are two factors which go to explain the influence of nature on an Aesthete.

Do not mistake, reader, however, from my exclusive treatment of poetry that poetry in any way is specially connected with Aestheticism. We are forced to say that poetry because it is on the roughest estimate, nothing but a combination of prose and song, simultaneously appeals to the love of the beautiful and passion for music in man, and is therefore to some extent more suited to the temperament of an Aesthete. But this in no way implies any exclusive relationship between poetry and Aestheticism. Living poets like Dr. Rabindranath, Tagore perhaps hold the palm over 'prose-writers,' but Dr. Tagore is a prose-witer also, and perhaps is best loved and remembered for the living portraits, sketches and vivid descriptions of hidden beauty in life and nature which he has given to the world in his short stories. Perhaps no one is there who has not read 'The Cabulliwallah,' 'My Lord the Baby,' 'Mashi' and scores of Dr. Tagore's best stories. None is there then, who has not perceived the high pitch of Aestheticism, and intense, sublime, passion for purity and beauty in life and nature which illumine the heart of this age's greatest poet. Dr. Tagore is an Aesthete surely, if ever there was one. He is a mystic, if ever there was one.

Prose-writers have then no less aesthetic susceptibility than the poets. I would have illustrated this by the finest passages of DeQuincey's writing, but for want of space leave the task to the reader to go through De Quincey's essays on 'The English Mail-Coach,' and 'Suspiria De Profundis' and find there passages which illustrate the point which I have above discussed.

Having shifted this responsibility lightly on to the reader, let me conclude and sum up what I have said already. Aestheticism lives in the heart of the child and, indeed, the child is an Aesthete in the germ. The Aesthete, as a grown up man, is complete in his aesthetic nature, the salient features of his aestheticism being, love and passion for the beautiful where it exists, the power of grasping the full significance of such beauty whether it be found to exist in life, literature, 'art,' music or nature, and the unconscious act of transfusing all that into his own soul, elevating himself and feeling happy. I have illustrated, I suppose, distinctly enough all these points. 'First in beauty will first be in might,' is a saying not only typical of Keats but of all Aesthetes. And let me say for the Aesthete that he the adorer of such beauty is mightier than the object of highest beauty. He enjoys one of the high forms of happiness and infuses that happiness into others by his contact with them. Shall we not then hold him worthy of remembrance and praise ?

NOTES ON OUR EXCHANGES

A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore. November 1935.

'The Miscellany' we are told, 'holds the mirror (as it were) to this College life, reflecting its enthusiasms, its gaieties, its rigours.' But actually it reflects more of the enthusiasms and gaieties than of the rigours. *Wise-and Otherwise* is an article sparkling with wit and humour. By way of specimen, we shall quote the following extract :—

> There is no truth in the rumour that an Indian student was arrested recently in the streets of Venice for striking his forehead and saying repeatedly, 'Oh Father Abraham, what these Christians are!' nor consequently, in the further report that he was deported in spite of his explaining that he was preparing for an examination of the Madras University, and that his statement had no reference to Italy's war with Abyssinia.

The Rubaiyat of G. C. M. (with apologies to Omar and Fitzgerald) is a song of pseudo-revolt against the dull monotony of study

> Oh! shut those weary books, it is not meet
> That one should torture youth with such deceit;
> September and December, awful March,
> Why fret about them if today be sweet!

However, we do not desire our examination-going students to imbibe this epicuran philosophy until they have clean leapt over the hedge. One writer emphatically argues that this is an age of sensationalism, 'sensation in books, sensation in speeches, sensation in stories, sensation in dress, sensation in everything. Sensation; that is our watchword'.

The section *Luck of the Times* is full of wise sayings and agreeable instruction. The following extract is from *Careers*:—

> That is why a young man who now takes to his studies in a living manner, sees in everything that he studies here, something that will be vital to him in after life, need have no qualms for his future. Therefore, let every student realise that he has to lay the foundation-stone for his future career *now* itself *while* he is a student, and not later on when he merely gets a degree which has failed to be the passport for employment which it once was.

Among the many other interesting articles *The Lecturers Abroad once again*, and the *Silver Jubilee Ode* (by G. K. Chettur), are worthy of special mention. *The Miscellany* contains several beautiful photographs and funny cartoons.

The St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly. January 1936.

As usual, this magazine contains many articles which are of many-sided interest. Mr. R. Narayanaswamy who seems to be a regular contributor, writes this time on *Swaraj: What are you doing for It? Economic Changes in a Malabar Village*, a scholarly investigation of an important subject, is concluded in this number. Another article of high informative value is *Tragic Drama* by Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A. In this learned essay, the writer examines the various definitions of tragedy, and points out the differences between the Greek tragedies like *Oedipus Tyrannus*, and those of Shakespeare. The following passage forms the conclusion of the essay :—

> Why are we so helplessly fascinated by stories of pain and distress, stories that speak of the 'Still sad music of humanity,' stories that immortalise, in Mr. Wilfred Gibson's words, 'the heart-break in the heart of things? . . . . . . Misery is the badge of our tribe, and wherever it is, we are inescapably attracted. There is discovery and sympathy; our own sorrows, concealed as in an oven, need not be burnt to cinders; we need not feel isolated, oppressed, defeated in the world; Tragedy still sets us in our moorings and

discovers our bearings so that we could face the future with courage, and perhaps even with hope. We learn to see life steadily, see it whole, and see it with growing faith.

An Illiterate Woman is the story of a literate wife who refuses to cook for her husband and mother-in-law, and who is finally reformed by the magnetic influence of a servant-woman. No doubt, this is a treasure-house of improbabilities and cheap kitchen-maid morality. *Whiskers for Sale!*, *A Sentimental Cat*, and *A true Story.* are interesting narratives touching on humour, pathos and horror respectively. In *Bachelors—Please!* (a pleasing poem) the 'poet' tells us how a tax was once imposed on all bachelors, and how the defaulters were, as usual in such cases, sold in public auction

> The auctioneer gravely his labour began
> And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
> 'How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?'
> In a wink, every maiden responded 'I! I! I!'

The Kumbakonam College Magazine. November, 1935.

The magazine opens with an article on *Growth of Population and Food-supply in India.* The subject is not tediously drawn out, as is often done in such cases, but the treatment is concise, and facts and figures are supplied wherever necessary.

> 'It is imperative,' says the writer, 'that an attempt should be made to extract more from the soil, and augment the supply of food for a steadily growing population with no outlet in the colonies. The agricultural classes should avoid wasteful expenditure on social or religious functions like marriages and funerals, on the purchase of articles of luxury like motor cars, radio-sets and gramophones, jewels of gold, silver and diamonds. All available resources should be pooled to improve the quality of Indian agriculture, and the quantity of its produce.'

An Automobile Pilgrimage is a very interesting account of a tour through South India, woven with apt descriptions of important places of pilgrimage Among the other articles, the story *How Kanaka became a Dasa* is interesting, mainly on account of its oriental touch and simplicity of tone. In his review of *Ahimsa*, Dr. M. Karamchand writes:—

> In spite of our megalomaniac professions of piety, there is very little of active and practical religion in us. We are, in most cases, so lost in its ritualism, formalism and externalism, which find mechanical expression in the flaunting of vertical and horizontal lines across foreheads; in the unaesthetic, semicircular extermination of frontal cephalic hair; in the sedulous cultivation of a bushy tuft in the central regions of the cranium; in mumbling unintelligible vedic formulas and set mechanical forms of worship, as to lose sight of the real spirit of Hinduism.

In his protest Dr. M. Karamchand is voicing forth the spirit of the rising generation of India, and it proclaims the approach of a new era in the spiritual history of this rational nation.

The Loyola College Annual, 1936.

This beautiful production offers interesting reading for a couple of hours. As the publication of the magazine is an annual affair, the various activities of the College are fully reflected therein, and a special item is the *Register of Graduates.*

One article of literary interest is *Two Indian Poet-Philosophers*, a pleasing discussion of the poets, Tagore and Iqbal. In his article, *Art and Artistic in Life*, the writer pleads for the revival and cultivation of the artistic sense in India. Almost all the other articles are in a light vein. In a treatise on spectacles, we find this description:—

> As methods of wearing them differ, so also do the practices of those wearing them differ. Our Tamil Pandit A— wants glasses just for reading books and notes. But he is too lazy to take them off and put them on too often. So he keeps the bridge of the spectacles

low on his nose. He raises his head and lowers his eyeballs when he has to read, but when looking at the students, he leans his head forward and looks with his eyes up. A—, teacher of the third form, wears what are called 'Iddili glasses' for they are so thick. Our college lecturer does not put on his spectacles when lecturing, but holds them in his hand and shakes out of them his words of 'learned length.'

St. John's College Magazine, Agra. December 1935.

All the articles in this number, are of a high standard, and the magazine presents varied and delightful fare. The leading article is *God as Revealed in Christ,* and it is emphatic in its appeal. There is a very good discussion of *Shakespeare'sEngland* in which the various aspects of Elizabethan life, its colour and romance, its spirit of adventure, and its emphasis on the joy of existence, are brought forth. In an essay entitled *Jehangir and Nurjahan*, an attempt is made to prove that Jehangir was really responsible for the murder of his rival in love, Sher Afghan. The following assertion is interesting:

> The names of so many foreign travellers like Sir Thomas Roe and Peter Mundy have been put down as corroborating evidence that Jehangir did not instigate the murder. The eminent writer (Dr. Beni Prasad) forgot to think that these white people were solely concerned with their commercial business. Their aim was to please His Majesty and get their work done. Anything which might displease the Emperor, would ruin their plans. They cunningly avoided reflecting on the bad side of the king's person and acts: they extolled him. How can truth be expected of them? They thought it wise to shut their mouths for or against the incident.

An ardent advocate of the study of Economics writes:—

> It is a real pleasure to study the activities of the most fantastic of animals, whose 'fantanies still haunt our social organization in the most common phase of his life, i.e., worldly life. It is bewildering enjoyment to observe how the most selfish of animals, i.e. man, forsakes his interest in the interest of society purely through economic motives, as distinct for moral and religious ones.

Some of the other articles worthy of mention are the *The Child in the Nation, Sanchi, Pahalgam—A Beauty-Spot of Kashmere,* etc.

The American College Magazine, Madura. December, 1935.

Progress in Physical Science in the Past Twenty-five Years, an extensive survey of the subject, opens the magazine. *A. E's poetry: Some Aspects,* is also an interesting essay pointing out the characteristic qualities of the poetry of George W. Russell. One of the humorously inclined contributors suggests a 'Simple Remedy' for the frequent trouble in distinguishing between married and unmarried women. Those who have felt any such difficulty, may with profit, turn to this article for a solution. The fundamental principles of Television are illustrated in a clear manner in an essay entitled *Television. The Picture* and *Sushila* are fairly interesting 'short stories'.

The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam.—December, 1935.

This issue of the *Maharaja's College Magazine* is an exceedingly interesting one, and contains many articles which can be read with pleasure and profit. The most prominent contributions are, *Irreverence, Jaunts in Japan,* and *Ezhuthachan's Malayalam.* In the first, the learned writer attributes the irreverence prevailing among the youth of today to three main causes—'(1) the decline of the home-influence, (2) the defective system of education in public schools, and (3) the pernicious literature spread by the young.' The remedy that is suggested is quite agreeable—'The evil of Irreverence among the young can only be overcome by training them in the true fear of God, and in the practice of solid piety.' In *Jaunts in Japan*, Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon informs us of

the ennobling qualities of the Japanese race. One or two extracts may be welcome here.

As we were sweeping round the curve of the drive from the station, there was a sudden application of brakes, a jerk, and the car stopped. It had bumped into another car! 'Nice beginning,' I thought; 'now for a brisk exchange of choice epithets, an exhibition of jiu-jit-su, and perhaps the Police Court.' . . . . . . What did take place was that the drivers stepped out from each car, examined the damage done, and began the argument. From the way they talked to each other, I thought that each was trying to own up the fault!

Again,

The 50 sen fare was paid, and I awaited expectantly for haggling. Nothing at all! With that smile with which he first requested patronage, the smile he had while settling about that accident, our chauffeur took the fare, touched his cap and drove off. In Ernakulam, I have paid the same fare for about the same distance—for a tumble-down rickshaw.

Ezhuthachan's Malayalam, is an extensive and masterly survey of the differences between the language of the great poet and the literary language of today, with regard to morphology, syntax and vocabulary. Anybody interested in the linguistic study of Malayalam will find this article very useful.

The Students' Miscellany—a new term by the way, contains short stories, a biographical appreciation, an idle reflection, a moral sermon, *et cetera.* The Malayalam section breathes the spirit of the West coast with its traditional lore and its unique arts and crafts.

The Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta.—December, 1935.

This number is stuffed with very heavy material indeed! Most of the subjects discussed are of definitely academic interest. In a speech by Mr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, the oft-discussed question of the inadequacy of the present system of education in India as a serviceable weapon for the battle of life, is handled. The lecturer says:—

I would emphatically urge that there should be no suggestion of curtailing the present educational facilities which are already limited, unless and until the reorganisation has actually taken place, and the existing institutions have been remodelled, or special institutions brought into existence in sufficient number, mainly by and through State aid. We cannot afford to face the risk of losing the little that we have now, even though it may not be the best that we should have, on the remote chance of the province being supplied at some future date with better equipped institutions answering the changing needs of the community.

Some of the other articles are *A lecture on Relativity*; *Mysticism: A Method and An End*; *Makers of New Italy*; *Yone Naguchi* and *Beginnings of English Education in India.*

At the end of a short article, *This Love Business,* we find this bold statement.

Lastly, you may stand on a pinnacle and speak denying the existence of gravity fill (till?) your voice cracks, but once your foot slips, you will not be carried up into the air; you will be taught to observe a becoming gravity. We cannot escape nature's laws by speaking ill of them.

The Magazine, St. Thomas College, Trichur. December, 1935.

This issue does not afford such pleasant material for reading as usual. Except for the two narratives *The Silent Hero* and *The Mystery of the Abandoned Ship,* all the other articles are hackneyed. The subjects treated are *Michael Faraday, Shakespeare and the Function of Art, The Christian Kings of Diampoe, Hygiene in India* and *The Story of Modern Electrical Communication.* The fault of course does not lie in the theme, but it is in the treatment. The following is an extract from *Musings.*

Travellers in *Chevrolets* are harbingers of death. During summer they import into

the highway of life, *miniature* graves and preach to the pedestrians: Dust thou art: unto dust shalt thou return. Its mortal malice themselves contrive to elude, but others succumb to it.

Again,

Nowadays, five Bachelors of Arts are not worth a milch-cow. The latter can maintain a family. Prefer market to University? A crude alternative to culture—isn't it?

The Judsonian, Judson College, Rangoon. January, 1936.

The magazine is full of good material as it often is. The numerous articles, varied in scope and intensity, make very pleasant reading. A full review is very difficult, and so we are content with annexing a few extracts here and there. Talking about *Inflicting pain upon another*, K. P. says:—

There is an innocent and even pleasure-producing method of rallying, which if deftly and graciously done, heightens the enjoyment of society. One may touch a discord if it lapses into a true chord. Sometimes, when we have good news to tell, we are bewitched with a desire to open the matter as if it were a great trouble that we were about to break. There is a gentle badinage, an innocent arrow-shooting which flatters and charms. . . . . If Darwin is right in thinking that men ascended from monads by gradual evolution, then it is very probable that some men came up by the way of the mosquito, the flea and the biting fly, and that their ancestral traits still linger in the blood.

In *The Purdah System* an incident, real or fictitious, is mentioned, which sounds a note of warning to the adherents of this system.

Sometimes, great accidents are caused by the 'Purdah system.' The following is a translation of a case which appeared in the October 1933 issue of 'Chand,' a very popular Hindi magazine. It says that once, a couple went to take farewell of another couple at Delhi station. The two ladies concerned had been very fast friends, and so they could not part without having a hearty talk. Unfortunately, the time fell short of their expectations and the guard blew the whistle. The gentleman who was the resident of Delhi lifted his wife out of the train, but to his greatest surprise, when he reached his destination he found that he had brought home his friend's wife. Well, what was the cause of it? Yes, it was the 'Purdah system.' Both the ladies being fully veiled, in his hot haste he could not recognise who was who.

We find many other interesting articles including *Ornithology—The Study of Birds*, *The Origin of the Chinese*, *A Journey to Mars*, and *Why the Sea is Salt.*

St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta, Christmas Number, 1935.

This magazine is full of rich material. The growth of population in India seems to engage the attention of most people, as the problem is tackled in many College magazines—yes, in *St. Paul's College Magazine* too. What is the remedy suggested? 'If India is to reach and maintain a high standard of living, the question of family limitation is bound to become one of supreme importance.' At best, the suggestion is vague. Another useful article is on *The Reserve Bank of India.* We find a very engaging narration of the life and story of *Helen of Troy*, *The Adventures of Jamai Babu*, an aesthetic appreciation of Keat's *Ode to a Nightingale*, and an interesting discussion of *The Value of Poetry in Life* among a number of good articles, all more or less useful and interesting.

Tamesis. University of Reading, Vol. 34—1935-36.

It is very refreshing to go through the few pages of *Tamesis.* There is a lively discussion of the League of Nations. A short item entitled 'As Others See Us' being 'Some Impressions of England and Reading Contributed by Overseas Students has a strong appeal to us, and it is pleasant to know what some strangers think of some other strangers. Mr. Christian, in his article 'An End to

War?' suggests a remedy to quench all international hostility.

Much of the trouble lies in the fact that we keep our religion and our lives in water-tight compartments. Imagine the State run on Christian lines. Great Britain is nominally a Christian country, but as Hugh Redwood asked in one of our daily papers some months ago, 'Where has Christ come in up to now? So far as official records show, His name has never once been mentioned. There is no ground for supposing that of all the international talks, anyone was opened with prayer, or that prayer for help in the cause of peace has ever marked a cabinet-meeting at No. 10, Downing Street. What a mockery it all is, our profession of Christianity! What a mighty change there would be if Christ, to the leaders of so-called Christian States, if Christianity to the mass of professing Christians, were as real as Hitler to Germany.' Christian leaders putting Christianity before party or politics, and backed up by an active Christian community, would be an irresistible force for world peace.

K. R. C.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges also:

The St. Andrew's College Magazine, Gorakhpur. Winter and Summer number, 1935.

The Government Brennen College Magazine, Tellicherry. December, 1935.

Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam. December, 1935.

The Gordonian, Gordon College, Rawalpindi. November, 1935.

The Murray College Magazine, Sialkot. December, 1935; January, 1936 and Annual Number.

The Students' Chronicle and Serampore College Magazine. December, 1935.

The Madras Law College Magazine. November, 1935.

COLLEGE NOTES

Dr. Theodore's death.

We have already said that no attempt is being made in this number to put into words what all are feeling about Dr. Theodore; but a few bare particulars will be welcome to some of our more distant readers. Dr. Theodore began to feel unwell on Sunday, February 23rd, and did not come to College on Monday or Tuesday. It was only on Wednesday that it was realized that his condition was serious. He was removed to the General Hospital early on Thursday morning. Even then he was pronounced to be 'holding his own'. About five o'clock there was a change for the worse, and at twelve minutes past seven he passed away.

The funeral was delayed to allow his aged parents to reach Madras from Madura. The remains were conveyed to the house at about 7 a.m. on Saturday the 28th. There was a service in the house at 8 a.m., conducted by Dr. Hogg, the Scripture lessons being read by the Rev. Gordon Matthews. The funeral procession reached the Cathedral cemetery at 9 o'clock; the service at the grave was conducted by the Bishop of Madras, the special lessons being read by the Senior Joint Chaplain (the Rev. A. G. Mortlock), and by the Rev. S. S. Clarke. A very large number of friends were present at this service, representing the many activities with which Dr. Theodore was connected, and including some hundreds of the College students.

On Sunday evening the usual College service was adapted to the occasion; there was no sermon, and the Principal led the congregation in prayer (a part of the special prayer is given on the first page of this number). On Monday, March 2nd, the College day, began at 10 a.m., with a special memorial service, conducted by the Principal, in the Anderson Hall. The great hall was completely filled with students of the College and pupils of the School—for Dr. Theodore was at one time Superintendent of the College School—and with a few other friends.

On Friday, March 7th, a public meeting was called by various friends of Dr. Theodore, in the College and outside, and was held at 5-30 p.m. in the Anderson Hall. Sir Mahomed Usman presided; and the speakers were Mr. P. N. Srinivasachariar, Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastriar, Mr. K. Velappan Pillai (a student of Class IV), Miss McDougall, Dr. P. J. Thomas, and Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar. Dr. Hogg also spoke, proposing the vote of thanks to the Chair.

Two resolutions were passed:—

1. 'This meeting expresses its profound sorrow at the sad and premature death of Dr. S. J. Theodore, Vice-Principal, Madras Christian College, and requests the Chairman to convey to Mrs. Theodore and the other members of the bereaved family its sincere sympathy' (the resolution was passed standing).

2. 'This meeting appoints the following committee, with power to add to their number, to raise a fund for the assistance of the late Dr. Theodore's widow and two children, and to place a memorial photograph or tablet in the Madras Christian

College, Tambaram, the fund to be administered by the Bursar in consultation with the Council of the Madras Christian College. Sir Mahomed Usman (Chairman), Mrs. Mona Hensman, Miss V. K. Black, the Rev. Gordon Matthews, Dewan Bahadur A. Appadurai Pillai, Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliyar, Dr. P. J. Thomas, Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, Mr. A. N. Sudarisenam, Mr. A. A. Hayles, Mr. S. Balasinga Satya, Mr. K. Kuruvila Jacob, Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias, Mr. E. J. Bingle (Treasurer), and Mr. S. Parthasarathy (Convener).'

A birth.

On the 18th of January, at the Government Maternity Hospital, a second child, a son, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Theodore. Less than six weeks later, the father was dead. It had been some time before the mother and child could return home, and the baptism had not yet been performed. On the last day before his very short illness, Dr. Theodore had expressed the wish that his son should be named Samuel Surendranath. The baby is healthy and handsome. May God be with him!

The King's death.

The news of the death of King George V arrived in Madras early on the morning of Tuesday, January 21st. When the College assembled at 10 o'clock, most of the staff and students had heard it already. All the classes proceeded at once to the College Hall, where the Principal, after a brief statement of the particulars then known, engaged in prayer, commending the bereaved family, the new King, and all of us to Almighty God. The College was then closed for two days. The following Tuesday, the day of the funeral, was also a holiday.

The Commemoration Day Service was to have been held on the following Friday, January 24th, and His Excellency the Governor was to have presided. The whole programme of course was cancelled. Instead of the Commemoration Service there was a Memorial Service, with an address by the Principal, on Wednesday, January 29th. There were no Sports in the usual form, but the most important events were carried out privately on the afternoons of January 30th and 31st. The list of results will be found elsewhere.

We do not wish to add anything more to all that has been said already about the late King-Emperor. His death, coming *when* it did, so soon after the wonderful jubilations of last May, and coming *as* it did,—for like his life it was quiet, simple, and so to speak homely,—was deeply touching; and in our two services in College it was evident that everyone had been brought nearer to the God whom George V served so devotedly.

M. P. Tharyan.

The death occurred on Thursday, 20th February, of M. P. Tharyan, a student in the Senior Intermediate Class and a member of the College Park Hostel. M. P. Tharyan had many friends; their sympathy and the sympathy of the whole College is extended to his mother and the other members of the family in their great sorrow.

Tom Chandy.

An article in a recent issue of the *Bombay Medical College Magazine*, received too late to be mentioned in our last number, cannot be allowed to

pass unnoticed. It contains a beautiful tribute to a former student of our own who died of enteric fever at the beginning of this academic year. Thomas Chandy was not known to the present generation of our students, but among those who were in College only a few years ago he was widely known and greatly loved, and we heard of his passing with a sense of personal loss. He was of a rare and admirable type. Full of gaiety and humour, and of unbounded physical energy, he had also a solid core of manly character and chivalrous honour which was still more precious. 'He never made an enemy'. And this was not simply because of his high spirits and sparkling gaiety. Neither was it merely that he was utterly incapable of meanness in speech or action. The secret was that, behind the laughter and the zest for life (in themselves so attractive), there was that largeness of heart which finds in every man a brother, and that simple devotion to truth and goodness which carries a blessing wherever it goes. If our first thought is one of sadness and perplexity that such promise should be robbed of its fulfilment, we at once rebuke such faithless repining and remind ourselves that no good is lost and no fair promise unfulfilled. And for ourselves we delight to recall a memory so invigorating, so gladdening, so 'full of good virtue' for all who give thought to it.

Mr. Platten.

We welcome to the country, though not quite yet to the College, the Rev. T. G. Platten, M.A. Mr. Platten has been sent to Madras by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is now one of the constituent societies of the College; and from next July he will be Professor of Physics and Warden of Bishop Heber Hall. Mr. Platten comes to us with a brilliant academic record and with much teaching experience. He is an M. A. of Cambridge, and a double first, having taken Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology in Part I of his 'tripos' (or Honours examination), and Anthropology in Part II. He was a schoolmaster for four years at the famous Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon; and then for four and a half years was Chaplain and Lecturer in the College of St. Mark and St. John, in London, the biggest Anglican teacher's training college in England. Shortly before his appointment to Madras he had been made Inspector of Education to the Diocese of London. He brings with him a wife and a small son Christopher. 'We do desire their better acquaintance.'

Achchan Prasthavichupol.

On Friday evening, January 17th last, the Malayali students produced a play with the above unconventional title, written by Mr. M.Kesavan Unni Nayar, an old student of the College who has also contributed to the present number of the magazine. The play was a great success. In spite of having very little time for preparation at their disposal, the students worked very hard both at the production, and at the selling of tickets for it. As a result, they played to a packed audience in the Museum Theatre, whose laughter paid tribute to the humour of the dialogue and plot.

The whole proceeds, after expenses have been deducted, have been given by the students to the Tambaram Fund, the amount realised being Rs. 457, a very satisfactory contribution. Our thanks are due to all those who gave time and effort to achieve this, especially to Mr. Achutha

Menon of the Presidency College, to Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, and to all the members of the College Malayali Association.

The Magazine.

Readers of our December issue might have noticed the glaring fall in the number of students' contributions. The Magazine Committee was considerably alarmed, and there was even a proposal to encourage youthful aspirants to literary fame by offering a prize for the best article written by a student; but the idea of adopting such an alluring measure was sternly abandoned, and the problem was left to be solved by time and chance. We are happy to note that this time the response from the students has been very encouraging. There were many articles of some real worth, and the process of selection was not very easy. Many of the articles which had to be 'rejected' this time, were better than some that were published in the previous number. We sincerely thank all those who sent in their contributions, and to those whose productions do not appear in the magazine, we would add a word of encouragement: the editorial eye, keen as it is very often, cannot judge very accurately the exact values of articles on various subjects. At best the selection is comparative. We do hope that this difficulty will be realised by all, and that the students will ever evince a keen and lively interest in the magazine by boldly sending in their contributions.

College Day.

The forty-fifth annual celebration of the Madras Christian College Day was held on the 31st of December, 1935. In the morning there was a reception to 'Old Boys'. Sir R.K. Shanmukham Chetti was in the chair, and reminiscences were given by Mr. Balasingam Satya Nadar, Rao Sahib M. Venugopal, Dr. R. P. Aiyer, Mr. P. Krishnaswami, and Prof. Manikkam. At the business session the following office-bearers of the College Day Association for 1936 were elected:—Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswami Chetty, President; Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetti, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, and Mr. C. Srikanteswara Aiyer, Vice-Presidents; Messrs. Balasingam Satya Nadar and K. Sanjiva Kamath, Secretaries. Mr. Abdul Hamid Khan was congratulated on his election as Mayor of Madras, and the following death were recorded in suitables terms: the Rev. J. P. Cotelingam, Dr. Vijayaraghavalu, Khan Bahadur Mohamed Ibrahim, Mr. K. Muthuswami Aiyar, and Mr. N. Sankara Aiyer.

In the afternoon there was an entertainment, consisting of music and magic; and in the evening there was a public meeting in the Anderson Hall. On the motion of Sir Mahomed Usman, Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetti was elected to the chair. Messages were read from Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswami Chettiar and the Rev. Dr. A. Moffat. The Chairman, after the toasts of the King-Emperor and the Motherland had been duly honoured, proposed the toast of the College. Looking back to 1910, when he joined the College, he said that he had learnt to reverence the spirit of service and to value corporate and co-operative efforts. 'I have felt,' the speaker concluded, 'that what we require in India today is the spirit of missionary service in the mind of the average Indian. In creating that spirit, those who have built up the Madras Christian College have rendered a most glorious service to the cause of India.' Much is heard of rural

reconstruction, he said: but, 'What is wanted for a scheme of rural reconstruction is, to my mind, not merely the enthusiasm for it, not merely Governmental help and finance, but the service of a band of men who will go back to the villages and work in the midst of the rural population in the spirit of the missionary.' He then spoke of India's need of the other lesson he had learnt at College—the value of corporate effort. Of the removal of the College to Tambaram, the speaker said that every one must regret the change in one way, but he was sure that the change was for the good. Mr. Bingle replied.

Mr. K. Nagarajan then proposed the toast of 'Our retired Professors'. By way of reply, Mr. Sanjiva Kamath read a letter from the Rev. F. W. Henderson, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, Scotland. Mr. Henderson concluded:—

'This message comes into the neighbourhood of the Christmas Season, when, in the form of a little child, good will came amongst us. And we, all of us, in the East and West, pay our homage again. Inside and outside the Christian Church, we pay our tribute to Him who showed us how strong a thing, how victorious, how Divine a thing, good will could be and is. . . .

'Good will, the touch of affection which seems so delicate, which some think is only a sentimental feeling, good will is the strongest thing we know. . .

'You gave us, and I believe still give us, generously of your good will, your affection, the best gift in your treasury. In the name of the retired professors, I say that affection always did, always will and must, touch us. It is the strongest as well as the finest thing in life. You were generous givers. Thank you.'

Mr. T. S. Vaidyanatha Ayyar proposed the toast of 'Our Young Friends,' and Mr. P. Damodaram, a student of Class IV, responded. Lastly, Mr. Abdul Hamid Khan, Mayor of Madras proposed the toast of 'Our Guests', and the reply was made by the Rev. William Paton, a member of the Governing Board at present in India. Dr. Hogg, seconded by Mr. Balasingam Satya Nadar, proposed the vote of thanks.

College Church.

The preachers for the Third Term were as follows :—

January	12	....	The Principal.
,,	19	....	G. C. Martin, Esq.
,,	26	....	Rev. D. W. Wolfenden.
February	2	....	S. Samuel, Esq.
,,	9	....	Rev. Gordon Matthews.
,,	16	....	(W.S.C.F. Day of Prayer).
,,	23	....	Rev. T. G. Platten.
March	1	....	(Special Service).
,,	8	...	Rev. A. J. Boyd.

There was a Devotional Service on Monday, January 20th, at which the preacher was the Rev. A. S. Kydd, the Secretary of the Governing Board. The usual Farewell Service, which was to have taken place on Monday, March 2nd, with the Rev. R. S. Macnicol as preacher, was turned into a special service in memory of Dr. Theodore

ATHLETICS

Sports.

By the end of November training in athletics began for some. Others started training in December, while the majority, as usual, were content with a week's training before the College Sports. There are still others, of course, who do not believe in any training at all—they are above such things! It was interesting to see how these various people fared in the end. There is no doubt that practice makes perfect, especially in athletics. Unless people put themselves under systematic training, giving particular attention to every little detail, they cannot hope to attain any distinction. This is true also of all our games. Once a man plays on the College team in any representative match, well, he gets a swollen head and believes he is above all practice games thereafter. Every year we start well in everything, drag on for some time, and by the end of the year there is a virtual collapse. This has happened again and again, and still people refuse to learn from experience.

Medical College Sports. We sent up a team for the 120 yds. Hurdles Shuttle relay race, open to all colleges, in connection with the Medical College Sports in November last. We were the only institution to enter a team besides the Medical College. We 'easily' won the second place and a few days later, the members of the team were surprised to get a big Cup each for their achievement! J. Raju, H. A. Spitteler, G. Narasimha Reddy and F. J. Ignatius formed the team.

Olympic Sports. This year the College Sports, as originally fixed, and the Provincial Olympic Sports, were to be held in the same week, and therefore we were not in a position to enter many competitors for the Olympic Sports as usual. J. Raju was entered for the 50 yds., 100 yds., 220 yds., and the 220 yds. hurdles. He secured first place in the 50 yds., second in the 100 yds., third in 220 yds. hurdles and fourth in the 220 yds. race. H. A. Spitteler competed in 440 yds. hurdles and he finished third. We had also entered two relay teams (4 × 110 yds. and 4 × 440 yds.) in both we finished second. It was altogether a very creditable performance, scoring 19 points in all towards the Championship. The winning teams, from the Travancore and Cochin States, tied with 30 points each.

College Sports. The date for the College Sports was originally fixed as 24th January. The College reopened on January 6th, and some of the class sports were held during the same week. As usual for Classes I and II, their sports were held as part of their regular physical training. By January 17th all the Class Sports were over. This year the Class Captains were required to send in regular entry forms properly filled up before the heats.

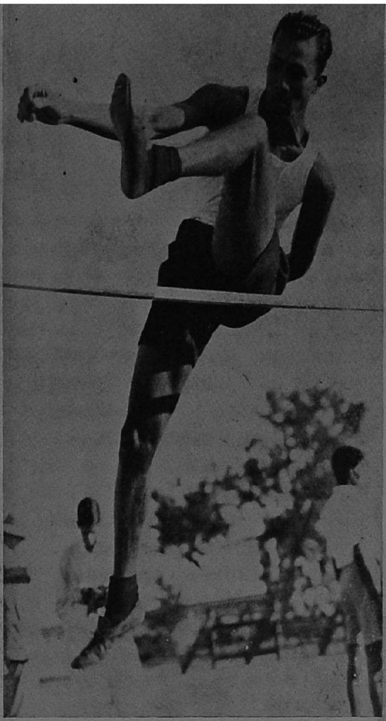
The heats were to be run off on two days, 20th and 21st January, beginning each day at 4-30 p. m. Half the events were gone through on Monday, 20th January. On the next day, however, with the news of the death of King George V, the College was closed for two days, as a mark of respect, and all arrangements for the sports were temporarily

cancelled. There was even a proposal to abandon the sports altogether. However, it was decided later to conduct the sports the following week, in the simplest possible way. All the comic items, with the Old Boys' Race, etc., were dropped, and only the Athletic events were held. It was proposed this year to introduce an event open to all the colleges—a 4×220 yds. relay race. Eight institutions had entered for this, but this item also was dropped. The heats for the remaining events were held on Monday, 27th January.

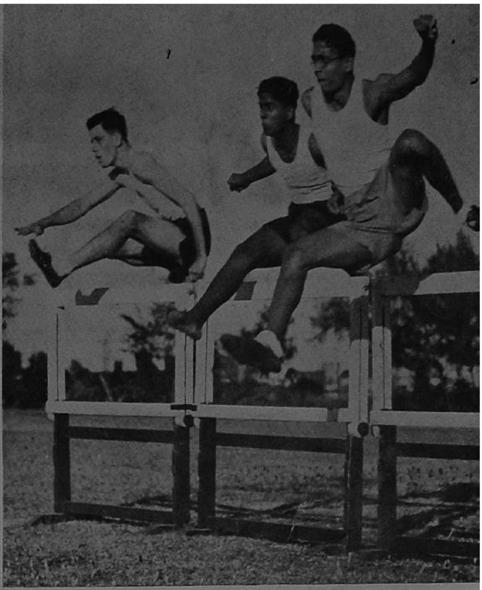
There were several changes made this year in the events. Four new events were introduced, namely 220 yds. race, 220 yds. hurdles, 880 yds. race and Discus throw. Out of these, the 220 yds. hurdles and Discus throw were open events and were not included in the Championship. The Cricket-ball throw was dropped in favour of Discus throw. The 120 yds. hurdles used to be run off as a shuttle relay, each class entering a team of four. This was found very unsatisfactory after many years and it was decided to make it an individual race.

Half the number of events were held on Thursday, 30th January and the rest on Friday, 31st January, starting at 4-30 p.m. on both days. The list of events and the winners is given below.

The standard of performance was higher than usual, and several new College records were created, 880 yds. race, 220 yds. hurdles and Discus throw being entirely new events, the new records were accepted as College records. In the 120 yds. hurdles, the record is held by W. Eling with $19\frac{2}{5}$ secs. made in 1929. H. A. Spitteler broke this record in both heats and finals with $18\frac{3}{5}$ secs. and $18\frac{1}{5}$ secs. respectively. Unfortunately the new record could not be accepted as Spitteler happened to knock down one hurdle each time. That was indeed very bad luck. F. J. Ignatius broke the previous record for the Hop-step and jump by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Ignatius with some proper training can improve upon this considerably. As it was, he was not even in good physical condition. In the Pole Vault we had quite a unique result. During the heats V. Rajanayagam failed three times to clear the qualifying height and so technically he was out of the competition. Only two had been selected and since one more was allowed to take part in the finals, Rajanaygam was permitted to do so. To everybody's surprise he not only proved himself superior to the other two but also set up a new College record! Under the circumstances, since Rajanayagam was technically out of the competition in the heats, the first place was awarded to the second best, but his performance was recognized as a new College record. J. A. Muthiah improved the Shot Put record by nearly 2 feet. Even Muthiah had not undergone proper training; he might have done much better. Much was expected of James Raju. He had been in regular training for a long time and under normal conditions he should have done better. He equalled the previous record for 100 yds. doing it in $10\frac{4}{5}$ secs. It was evident, especially in the 220 yds. race, that he was not in good form. May he do better next year! The One mile race had a most exciting finish. W. David and K. Narayanaswamy finished neck and neck. After a prolonged discussion among the judges, David was declared the winner. It is a pity that the previous record was not bettered with such a strong finish.



F. J. Ignatius

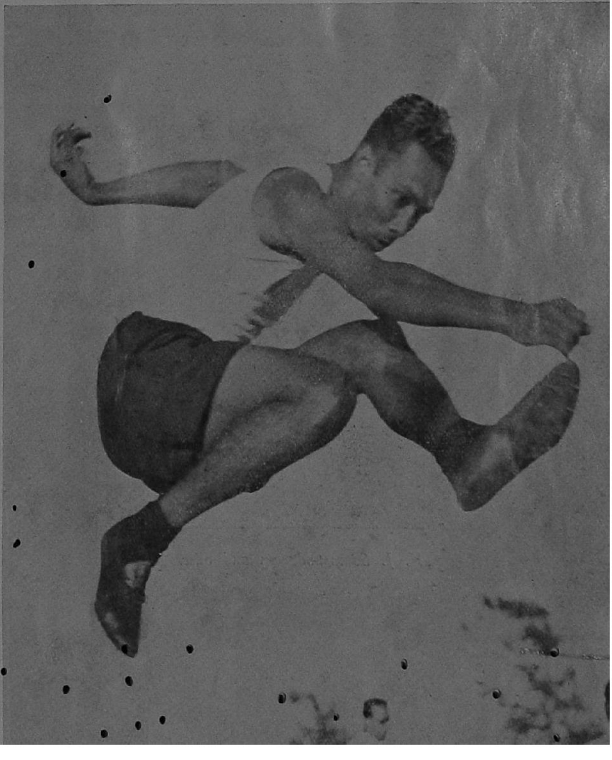


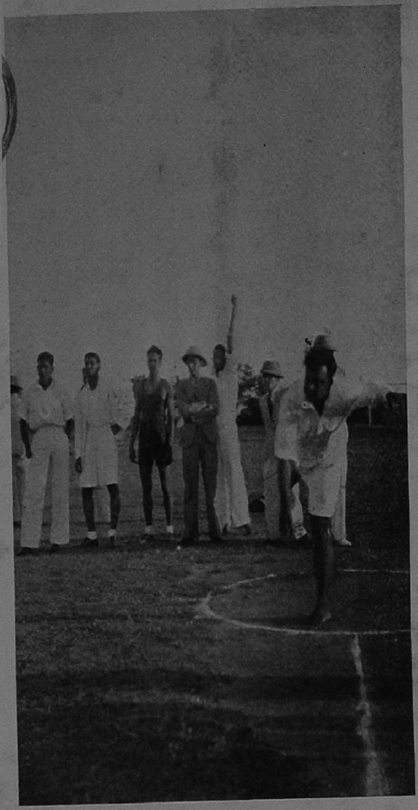
H. Spitteler, A. S. Dhanaraj, G. S. N. Redd

Photos by courtesy of "The Madras Mail"

F. J. Ignatiu

D. Alexander





J. S. Muthiah

K. J. Somasundaram and others

Photos: J.R.M.

Class II won the Championship with 30 points, being well ahead of Class I, which scored 21 points. There are some good men in Class I, but the management of their team was not altogether satisfactory. It is to be hoped that they will rectify their mistakes next year and organize their team better.

After the sports Mrs. Gordon Matthews gave away the prizes. After a vote of thanks by Mr. Macphail, the function came to a close just as it was getting dark.

Inter-Collegiate Sports. A new rule has been introduced by the Inter-Collegiate Committee limiting the number of events for each competitor to three, exclusive of the relay races and the Tug-of-war. This of course has been in practice in our College for many years and we welcome the step now taken. Inter-Collegiate Sports have always been the monopoly of a few individuals and consequently the purpose of these competitions, namely, to encourage a large number of students to participate, was being defeated. Moreover, the practice of athletes competing in seven or eight items is definitely harmful to the competitors themselves. The much-made-of individual Championship Cup does considerable damage to young men, and it creates the wrong attitude in them towards these competitions.

C. A. A.

P.S.—H. A. Spitteler has again distinguished himself. In the 440 yards hurdles, he not only created a new Intercollegiate record of 1 minute 2 seconds, but also defeated the All-India Champion, B. J. Pereira of the Medical College. In this event G. Narasimha Reddi was third. James Raju got the third place in the 220 yards hurdles and the fourth in the 100 yards race. In the one mile race W. David secured the third place. We finished third in the two relay races. Our exchanges of the baton were not particularly good. Otherwise we could have secured at least a second place.

F. J. Ignatius was first in the Long Jump, the distance being 20 ft. 4½ in. This is much better than his College record and he can, with better training, improve even this. He was third in the Hop-step and jump but the difference between the first and the third was only about one inch. He was third also in the High Jump. K. J. Somasundaram was fourth in the Long Jump. Another first place was secured for the College by J. A. Muthiah in the Shot Put. His distance was 32 ft. 2¼ in., being ahead of the next best by nearly a foot.

On the whole the College team did come up to expectations. There were nine colleges taking part and we scored 33 points towards the championship, securing the third place. The result was the same as in the previous years although we were a much better third this year. Again we were first among all the Arts Colleges.

Boxing.

The Boxing Club started its activities soon after the College reopened in June. There was a large number of enthusiasts in the beginning and at one time there were as many as thirty members coming regularly for practice. C. Suares was appointed Captain. Mondays and Thursdays were set apart for boxing and the attendance continued to be good.

Novices' Tournament.—In August the Madras Amateur Boxing Association conducted a Novices' Tournament

for the special benefit of beginners. We entered no less than 15 men for this competition, out of whom two were not able to take part on account of an important Inter-collegiate hockey match. There were many teams taking part in the tournament, including two strong teams representing the railways. We did very well under the circumstances, most of the men winning their first bouts. Three came up to the finals but one bout was between two of our own men. We won, in the end, two finals, G. Pandurangam and Subramanian being the winners. This was very encouraging, as the standard of boxing in the tournament was far above the average.

Match with the Y.M.C.A. College.—It is difficult to keep boxers in training for a long time unless some match or tournament is arranged to train for. With this in view a match was arranged with the Y.M.C.A. College at Saidapet. There was one great difficulty, however, in this match. It was found impossible to arrange bouts in the same weight classes. The Y.M.C.A. men were all heavy, and eventually we were pitted against men far above our weights, in some cases the difference being more than a stone. However, one of the purposes of this match was to give facilities for our men to get real ring-experience, and these heavy odds were gamely everlooked. There were eight bouts altogether, while Subramaniam could not get even an opponent heavier than himself. The most interesting bout was between the two rival captains—Suares and Ghosh. The latter had the advantage of nearly 10 lbs. in weight. It was a thrilling match, both being excellent boxers. Ghosh won on points. In the end the Y.M.C.A. College won the match by a narrow margin, 11 points to 9 points scored by us. This was really a a splendid show considering the handicap of our College boxers in weight. Disparity in weights is a most vital factor in boxing.

After the match the Y.M.C.A. College invited us to tea. The opponents in each bout sat together and all of us had a most enjoyable time. It was quite evident that the result of the match was not that mattered but the joy of participation.

Inter-collegiate Boxing Tournament.—In the third Term there is always a rush. Track and field sports are in full swing, and there are inter-collegiate tournaments in all the games. This is the worst part of the year for boxing as students have so many other things to do at the same time and there is always the shadow of the dismal examination ahead. Our Captain himself has had to withdraw altogether. Some others too are busy trying to discover some reason or other for not turning up for regular practice. It was very disappointing to see such a poor finish after a most encouraging start.

The successful running of the Boxing Club and the splendid results so far, have been entirely due to the very kind efforts of Mr. J. A. S. Henry, one of our Old Boys. He is a well-known boxer in Madras, with plenty of experience, and it is said he has not been beaten by anybody so far. Out of his love for the sport and his loyalty to the College he very readily agreed to come regularly and coach our men. The College Boxing Club is greatly indebted to him and we hope he will continue to give us his valuable help in the future.

C. A. A.

P.S.—We were able to enter only five men this year. M. V. Jaga-

nathan, and Henry John of Class I, and G. Narasimhan, G. Pandurangam and G. Subramanian of Class II.

Jaganathan and Subramanian lost their first fights while Henry John came up to the semi-finals when he was defeated by Mukerjee of the Y.M.C.A. College. Narasimhan and Pandurangam both came up to the finals and the latter especially had to fight his way through. Both of them won their bouts in the finals exhibiting a much superior standard of boxing than their opponents.

Loyola College won the championship by sheer numbers. They had entered nearly 25 men and most of them came up to the finals because there were no others in their particular weight classes. As some one remarked, even if they had lost all their final bouts they still would have won the championship. Well, there is safety in numbers! The School of Technology was second, we were third and the Y.M.C.A. College was fourth.

Physical Training.

Soon after the College reopened in June Physical Training was started for Class II. Only after a fortnight was it possible to organise games and Calisthenics for Class I students, on account of late admissions.

Class I.—This year's new batch of students settled down to their games very soon. There were again six batches, each about 26 strong, playing games, and nearly 40 students doing Calisthenics and informal games. Captains and Vice-Captains were elected as usual after a few weeks, and things have been going on ever since without any trouble. It is often necessary to teach many of the games to a large number of students. The majority are 'physically illiterate'. Very few of them have had any play-life and they find themselves at a loss when faced with a ball, bat or stick. Some of the senior students like Kanakaraj were helpful in actually giving instruction to the beginners. Some of the games are new to many, and very confusing. However, the students pick up the essentials before long and get into every game with zest. By the end of the year the majority have become average players and actual teaching is required only occasionally.

The scheme of compulsory physical training is doing a world of good to a very large section of the students, who otherwise would never have experienced the joy of playing games along with others in the open air. Of course it is much better if people play games because they like to play. Play becomes work when there is no desire to play. Still, given the proper encouragement and facilities, even compulsory games can be played and actually enjoyed by the participants without the stigma of compulsion attached to them.

Calss II.—In one year the students have learned to play most of the games. As an added stimulus competitions are introduced in the second year. Each of the six batches is further divided into two permanent teams A and B. All the A teams are grouped together and all the B teams form a separate group. League tournaments are provided in every game where each A team meets every other A team and each B team every other B team, in all the games. To finish these tournaments takes the whole year, and therefore the enthusiasm is maintained at a very high level throughout. It is only after these competitions are started that the students begin to become proficient in the various games. Everyone is

anxious to improve his game and the strong always help the weak for the sake of the team. They pick up even the games they did not particularly like before. Further, these competitions are not meant for the winning of any trophy at the end and therefore they create the proper attitude towards games in general.

The second class of this year have nearly finished the tournaments. The present standing of the respective teams, on the score board, at the end of the penultimate round is given below:—

Hockey.—The team has not been very successful during the year owing to many reasons. To begin with there was much difficulty in settling the team definitely because of the instability of the forward line. Besides this there was the lack of regular practice. In the past, Wednesday practice games were compulsory and any player who did not turn up for these practices was dropped at the next tournament match, but during this season, this rule was not enforced and the team suffered. The attitude adopted by the players also weakened the side—some played to please the President and others because they were asked, while few felt it was their duty to play for the College.

Team work was never our strong point although individually the players were strong. Referring to the failure of the team, one critic remarked 'It is due more to stupidity than lack of ability'.

In the Inter-collegiate tournament we were seven points down and in both the other tournaments—Presidency and Stroke Shield—we qualified for the semi-finals.

It is not possible to comment on each player. However, we were fortunate in being able to include in the team, Md. Yakoob, the All-Madras player. He was, indeed, a great help to the defence.

We are very grateful to the President for the valuable support he has given us, although it was not possible for him to attend all the practice games. We wish him the best of everything while on furlough.

M. D. Edmonds,
Captain.

Tennis Club.

Our College tournament has been successfully conducted. B. Maribasviah has won both the open and handicap-singles. He is undoubtedly the champion of our College. The open doubles event was won by M. C. Oommen and G. A. George, and the handicap-doubles by P. I. Chakko and G. Yesudian.

Our 'tennis club day' will take place on the 26th instant. Dr. Hogg has kindly consented to preside over the meeting and Mrs. Hogg will distribute the cups to the winners and runners-up. We hope to get on successfully with that function.

R. Sankaralingam,
Secretary.

Football.

Looking back at the activity of our football team, during the season 1935-36, I should think that it presented a poor show. But the players were considerably good. The trouble was in their lack of interest to develop their talents through practice. Lack of regular practice was the cause of our not winning any cups this year. But anyhow, we are not ashamed of it, for we hope to improve.

Anandam was our goal-keeper. He has of course saved many goals miraculously as he has also allowed a great many of them cheerfully. Alexander

was a tower of strength at full-back. He very often distinguished himself by bringing off wonderful 'saves'. He sometimes shifted to the forward line with the ball and his angular shots into the opposite goal were sure and powerful. Reddy in the defence was more confined to his place. He knew how to screw the ball with his foot, which sometimes put our own goalie into an awkward position. I was playing centre-half with Victor Rajanayagam and J. A. David playing the wing-halves. We worked hard only when needed. On the whole, our defence was quite formidable. V. D. Mantramurti, our Captain, in the right-extreme was very rapid in his movements. When he struck form, nobody could stop him. Very often he would leave us all in a state of suspended fear for the safety of his bones. Dhanaraj our right-inner was very sound in his position, and his combination with Arnold—centre-forward—accounts in a great measure for our success in some of the matches. Arnold was excellent as our scorer. He would take the ball between his legs skilfully and would finish well. Nageswara Rao took the place of our Vice-Captain, Lakshmanan, as the left-inner. Though considerably fallen he picked up very well in the game. Raman Menon in the left-extreme, though a bit slow played a neat game throughout. Our Vice-Captain, thanks to a sprain in his leg, remained more a spectator than a player for most of the matches.

The following have represented the College on various occasions :— V. D. Mautramurti (Captain), P. V. Lakshmanan (Vice-Captain), K. J. Somasundaram (Secretary), D. Alexander, G. S. N. Reddy, T. S. Anandam, V. Rajanayagam, A. S. Dhanaraj, A. J. Arnold, J. A. David, Nageswara Rao, Raman Menon, Unni Menon, C.I. Verghese, N. Philip, G. Yesudian, Narayan Rao, and K. C. Ganapathy.

We entered for all the three tournaments—The Inter-Collegiate; the Duncan Cup and the Wilson Cup—and we lost them all, but lost them gradually. We may have lost the Cups, but we have not lost our spirits, and that we shall never lose. Whatever may have happened during the season, we are glad to say that we started the season by winning a match over the Law College by 4 goals to nil and we have ended the season by defeating the 'Charles XI' by 2 goals to 1.

It has been suggested this year, to select two of the office-bearers from among the players who are expected to come again next year, for the sake of the next year's football team. This is with a view to get hold of the good footballers of the College, very early in the year. In addition to it the inter-class matches may begin early, next year, so that it would prove an easy task to select the best possible combination for the college team. We hope this scheme will prove successful in 1936-37.

On behalf of the team I thank Mr. Macphail our President and Mr. C. A. Abraham, our Physical Director, for the good interest they took in the team. We are all exremely grateful to them for their help and encouragement.

K. John Somasundram,
Secretary.

Basketball.

This year has been on the whole a good year for Basketball, which is at present the most regularly played game in the College.

This year we played a match with the 'Tagore Sports Club' one of the strongest teams in Madras now. We

lost the match, the score being: Tagore Sports Club, 32 points; College, 17 points. The students of the College played two matches against the Staff. The old men on the Staff team played splendidly, winning both matches, the first by 8 points, and the second by 2. In the second match the score at the end stood at: Staff, 12 points; Students, 10 points. M. C. Oommen of Class III and Mohammad Yakub of Class IV played very well in the last match against the staff, Oommen scoring 6 points out of the ten and Yakub, the well-known Hockey-player, proving a very efficient back: it was a pity that Loganathan was unable to score as usual. As this article goes to press some inter-class matches are being arranged which will come off in a week or two.

Once again our thanks are due to the basketballing members of the staff for their kind help throughout the year.

J. T. KANAGARAJ.

RESULTS OF THE COLLEGE SPORTS

Event	Winning Class	Individual Winners	Time, height or distance
220 yds. Hurdles ...	...	1. J. Raju 2. H. A. Spitteler, II	§ $28\frac{2}{5}$ secs.
Discus Throw ...	...	1. C. N. Raghunathan, III 2. J. A. Muthiah, II	§ 68 ft. 10 in.
High Jump ...	Class I ...	1. F. J. Ignatius, I 2. R. Venugopal, III	5 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
880 yds. Race ...	Class II ...	1. H. A. Spitteler, II 2. K. Narayanaswamy, III	§ 2 min. $16\frac{4}{5}$ secs.
Long Jump ...	Class IV ...	1. F. J. Ignatius, I 2. K. J. Somasundaram, (Hons.)	18 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shot Put ...	Class II ...	1. J. A. Muthiah, II 2. C. N. Raghunathan, III	§ 32 ft. 5 in.
220 yds. Race ...	Class I Class IV }	1. J. Raju, I 2. M. A. Samuel, IV	$25\frac{3}{5}$ Secs.
Pole Vault ...	Class II ...	1. C. Suares, II 2. P. K. Pilo, IV	§ 8 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in. by V. Rajanayagam.
120 yds. Hurdles ...	Class II ...	1. H. A. Spitteler, II 2. D. Alexander, I	$18\frac{1}{5}$ Secs.
One Mile Race ...	Class III ...	1. W. David 2. K. Narayanaswamy, III	5 min. $5\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
100 yds. Race ...	Class I ...	1. J. Raju, I 2. K. J. Somasundaram (Hons.)	$10\frac{4}{5}$ secs.
Hop-step and jump ...	Class I ...	1. F. J. Ignatius, I 2. J. Chandy, I	§ 38 ft. $11\frac{3}{4}$ in.
440 yds. race ...	Class II ...	1. H. A. Spitteler, II 2. C. Suares, II	$59\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
Medley Relay ...	Class II ...	......	4 min. 14 secs.
4 × 220 yds. Relay ...	Class I ...	......	1 min. 44 secs.
Tug-of-War ...	Class IV ...	......	...

Class Championship Score.

1st Class II ... 30 points.
2nd Class I ... 21 points.
3rd Class IV ... 16 points.
4th Class III ... 11 points.
5th B.Sc. Hons. and Post graduates ... 2 points.

§ Denotes new College records.

Physical Training, Class II

Score at the end of the Fourth Round

Batch.	Points for A team.	Captain.	Points for B team.	Captain.	Total for Batch.
1	15	J. Cyril Raj ...	9	N. Nageswaran ...	24
2	16	S. P. Appaswamy.	12	M. K. Sivasubramanian.	28
3	22	C. M. Kanniah ...	22	C. M. Loganathan ...	44
4	38	A. D'Roza ...	41	K. Unni Menon ...	79
5	34	V. Thambiah ...	36	A. V. Sambasivan ...	70
6	19	C. Suares ...	24	J. A. Muthiah ...	43

HOSTELS

The Students' Home.

We have now come to the end of this academic year and I wish you all a happy vacation. But before closing your information bureau for this year, I entreat you to add to it this bit of information about the Students' Home.

From the beginning of this term, our hostel assumed a studious air. Ten of our members are appearing for the university examinations. We wish success for all of them.

About the activities of our hostel, we had our Hostel Day on February 11th, Rao Bahadur K. V. Sesha Iyengar presiding. Mrs. Platten, the wife of one of our professors, distributed the prizes. As usual, this year also we conducted the inter-hostel ping-pong tournament. The winner and runner-up were K. G. Joseph, Park Hostel, and George Yesudian, Fenn Hostel. Besides this we had tournaments open for the members of our hostel, in ping-pong, carroms, doubles and singles.

May God be with us throughout this vacation and help us to put it to the best use possible.

K. A. RAMAMOORTHY,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall.

We have to mention our Hostel Day, which was held in November. The Mayor of Madras presided on the occasion. We can only modestly say, from what the guests of the day declared, that it was a success. Dr. and Mrs. Hogg had to divide their time and presence by first attending the Second Students' Home Hostel Day, which was unfortunately on the same day, and then coming to our function to help us make it go off well by their presence.

Our general servant, Velayudhan Nair, has completed twenty-five years of faithful service in our hostel. The Silver Jubilee was celebrated with a dinner, and a meeting where speeches were made by the manager and other members, and a ring was presented to Velayudhan Nair, who replied eloquently to the toast proposed. Our Superintendent, who presided, wound up the meeting with the remark that he had forgotten his Bengali and paid a complement to Velayudhan Nair.

The Examination-Study-Wave is sweeping over the Hostel. Its influence is such that members, who used to run amok, and were considered public menaces, are now threatened into implicit obedience, so much so that they have pinned themselves to their chairs and desks, and refuse to budge under any circumstances.

We have to congratulate B. Maribasviah for the rare distinction he has achieved in tennis. He won both the open and handicap singles championships in our College Tournament. G. Sreenivasamoorthy, one of our little members, came to the semi-finals, but was unfortunately defeated there, in the Junior Tennis Tournament conducted by the South Indian Athletic Association.

We wish all our seniors farewell, the seniors in the College good-bye, and success to all in whatever walk of life they may be placed.

K. A. APPACHOO,
Secretary.

Fenn Hostel.

Early this term, we went on an excursion to Pondicherry. We were there on the 14th January and it was a day well-spent in sight-seeing and making-merry.

Our 'At Home' to the staff came off on the 5th February at 4-30 p.m. Tea over, there was a short meeting with Mr. Boyd in the chair. Mr. Zacharias responded to the toast of the staff proposed by the Secretary.

Here are the results of our hostel tournaments—Edward Dawson won the carroms singles, and C. M. Loganathan, the ping-pong championship.

In the inter-hostel ping-pong tournament conducted by the Students' Home, George Yesudian, our representative, lost to Joseph of the Park Hostel in the finals. Much to our regret, we had to give up the rolling cup won by us last year.

The year is almost ended and when we look at everything that has made us better men, we feel indebted to our dear hostel and our Alma Mater.

ARTHUR RAJARATNAM,
Secretary.

Rungiah Chetty Hostel.

This term, inspite of the impending examinations, began and is continuing on with much of jollifications.

Our Silver Jubilee and Hostel Day was celebrated on the 18th January with M.R.Ry. S. A. Aiyaswamy Chettiar Avl., M.A., B.L., a distinguished old member, in the chair. Many 'old boys' and many an 'old man' associated with the hostel were present. When the function was over, it was heard said, that eighteen men were never expected to do so much.

The Superintendent makes frequent visits to the hostel this term and has to pour forth a volume of eloquence to rebuke some of the persistent members who would be nodding with the light on and books in hand. Various devices, like the moving vane of an alarm time-piece (of the old model, perhaps), opening and closing a valve at the bottom of a *khooja* of cold water, have been made by some of the science students to wake them up early in the morning.

Some of the junior members, on the other hand, who want to be safe from the alarm time-pieces ringing throughout the night in one room or another, have to bar themselves in with doors and windows shut and the sun rarely finds a way in, in the morning, so that they have been known to sleep till the servant wakes them up for breakfast. One particular 'lotus-eater', it is said, was late for college one day for the same reason.

The junior members are already making preparations (with their vocal chords) to bid the seniors farewell. And now, Good luck, everybody!

K. V. VIJAYARAGHAVAN,
Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall.

We had our Hall Day celebration on the 30th of November, 1935. It was a grand success.

The office-bearers for the coming academic year have been elected already. The terminal Corporate Communion was held on the 16th of February. We give a hearty welcome to our Warden, the Rev. T. G. Platten.

EDWIN SAMUEL,
Secretary.

College Park.

March examinations are fast approaching and we are at all our books.

Our Hostel Day was on the 1st of February under the distinguished presidentship of Sir M. Usman and it was a success.

We are glad to say that our 'sportsmen' acquitted themselves creditably and we hope they will be able to do the same in the forthcoming examinations.

T. THARYAN,
Secretary.

SOCIETIES

The English Honours Association.

We are glad this time to be able to report that the Association has been more active than before. Under the the auspices of the Association, a very interesting paper on 'The Poetry of John Masefield' was read by Mr. D. A. Thangasami, M.A., of our College, on 25th November 1935. The lecturer brought us to a better appreciation of the poems of the Poet Laureate. Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A., was in the chair.

In the Inter-Collegiate debate, held under the auspices of the Presidency College English Honours Association, on 27th November 1935, our Association was ably represented by Messrs. G. C. Martin, M.A., K. P. Rangachari, B.A., S. Ramanujam and M. Govindan, the motion before the house being that 'Poetic, Drama has no future.'

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 27th January 1936, with the Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A., in the chair, when K. R. Chandrasekharan of Honours IV read a paper of absorbing interest on 'The Last Plays of Shakespeare.'

With one or two more meetings and an Inter-Collegiate Debate to be held in our College, our activities for the year will come to a close.

P. T. BENJAMIN,
Secretary.

The Christian Union.

The annual Christmas Carol Service was held on the 4th of December 1935, with Mr. S. Samuel in the chair. In the first week of December last, our Union, among others, had the privilege of a visit of the Negro Delegation from America.

Members are reminded once again of the rural work that will be done during this summer from the 17th of April to the 17th of May near Katpadi. Further particulars about this can be had from Mr. S. J. Duraiswamy.

M. SARGURUDOSS,
Secretary.

The Malayalam Association.

The notable achievement of the Malayalam Association this term was the successful staging of 'Achchan Prasthavichupol', a Malayalam farce, at the Museum Theatre, a report of which appears elsewhere.

Under the auspices of the Association, a series of three lectures were delivered in our college by Mr. C. Achutha Menon, B. A., University Reader in Malayalam, on Poet Kumaran Ashan's 'Vichitra Vijayam.'

K. K. MADHAVAN NAYAR,
Secretary.

The Debating Society.

The debating team of our College took part in the inter-collegiate debates conducted by the literary unions of the Presidency, Pachaiyappa's and Mohammedan Colleges in their respective places. We are looking forward to a debate on the subject, 'The League of Nations is a Farce.' We hope to conduct a few more debates this term.

P. DAMODARAN,
President.

Physical Science Association.

We had one meeting during this term and hope to hold one more before the valedictory address which will be

delivered during the last week of the term.

The meeting held during this term was addressed by Mr. M. V. Siva Ramakrishnan, M.A., a member of the College staff. The subject was 'The Cosmic Ray Puzzle'—a clear and concise lecture which was much appreciated. The attendance was good.

M. BHARAT RAU.

The Philosophical Association.

The third term re-opened afresh with new thoughts and ideas and we wanted to start away with the Association in right earnest.

The first meeting of the term was held on the 16th of January when Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao read an essay on the 'Universality of Religion' with Mr. K. John Somasundaram in the chair.

The second meeting was held on the 13th of February under the presidentship of Mr. V. Panduranga Rao. Mr. M. C. Mathew read an essay on the 'Sub-conscious Mind'. The meeting came to a close after a hearty vote of thanks.

During this term we have tried to co-operate among ourselves and to hold the meetings with students as presidents and speakers. I hope this will continue for our own good since it tends to drive away the shyness and the embarrassment to which a man who makes his maiden speech is a prey.

C. INDER MOHAN,
Secretary.

Kannada Bhashabhivridhi Sangam.

The second meeting of our association was held on 29th November, 1935. Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao presided on the occasion and Mr. Ananth Bhat, Vidwan, delivered a lecture on the 'Educational System past and present.' We had arranged two meetings this term, but they had to be cancelled on account of the College Sports and Test Match.

We are going to make history this year by a unique social function. We intend to invite the Kanarese students of the other three colleges too. This is just to establish a sort of good-will between the Kannadigas. This has far-reaching consequences besides. It will bring the various institutions of the city into closer contact. I hope it will be continued in the years to come.

H. NARAYANA RAO,
Secretary.

The College Brotherhood.

We have had a successful year so far, and this concluding report chronicles our activities since the last report.

On Saturday, 19th October 1935, a fairly big party, including our president Dr. Gandheker and Mr. J. D. Asirvathan, visited the Jamal Glass Works in Tondiarpet and the Poor House in Royapuram. The Glass Factory was very interesting and instructive and we learnt how out of common ingredients glass was made and how out of molten glass, bottles and chimneys were made. At the Poor House we were warmly received by the medical officer in charge who happened to be an old boy of our College. He is very keen on the work and takes great interest in it. He kindly took us round the premises and explained everything in detail. None but disabled destitutes can become its inmates. There are two sections—the male and the female: and each has several wards—the sick ward, the training ward, etc. The inmates have wholesome food

given to them, and are clothed in pure khaddar. It is worth any person's time to visit the Poor House.

On Saturday, 25th January 1936, we, a small party including our president and Mr. Barnes, went on an excursion to Thirukkalikundram and the Seven Pagodas. We left Madras by an early train and continued our journey by bus, arriving at 10 A.M. The Post Master of Thirukkalikundram who was previously written to, had made the necessary arrangements for us. We climbed the hill, saw the temple and waited for nearly an hour to 'shoot' the sacred 'Kites'. We came down the hill with the feeling that we were good people.

After a sumptuous meal arranged by the Post Master we 'bussed' to Seven Pagodas, reaching there at about 2 P.M. We explored the place seeing the carvings, the *raths*, the temples etc, each interesting thing being explained by Mr. Barnes who is familiar with this place. At 4, we prepared tea and 'consumed' it with bread, butter and fruits taken with us. After tea we went to the beach and had a delightful sea-bath near the shore temple. At the top of the old lighthouse we had our evening meal and it was 7 P.M. when we boarded our boat homeward-bound. The boat-journey was pleasant for we hardly noticed our movement. We reached Lattice Bridge at 6 a.m. from where we walked to the Adyar bus terminus and dispersed.

The trip was thoroughly enjoyable, pleasant and educative and this aspect is attested by our cameramen. Though some of us are senior students we did well in 'doing' the Seven Pagodas, and we only wish more had come to enjoy themselves with us.

M. SREERAMULU,
Convener, Excursion Committee.

The Mathematical Association.—After our last report, the following meetings were held:

Date	*Subject*	*Speaker*	*President*
20th November 1935	'A Well-known Inequality'.	Mr. Raghavachari (Hons. 5).	Mr. C. T. Rajagopal, M.A.
27th November 1935.	'Some Problems of Srinivasa Ramanujam'.	Mr. Kesava Menon (Class III).	Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, M.A.
4th February 1936.	'Formation of the Astronomical Universe'.	Mr. Sundara Kamath (Hons. 4).	Mr. Martyn Thomas, M.A., L.T.
11th February 1936.	'The Foci of an Inconic'.	Mr. Raghavachari (Hons. 5).	Mr. L. N. Subrahmanyam, M.A., L.T.

At the time of report, the valedictory meeting has not yet taken place. It is to be held on Monday the 17th February when Prof. T. Suryanarayana of the Presidency College will deliver the address.

We regret very much that there was a total lack of interest in most of the students in the affairs of the association and at the same time we take this opportunity to thank the staff of the Mathematics Department heartily, for their co-operation and the encouragement they gave to the speakers by their regular presence at the meetings.

T. K. RAGHAVACHARI,
Secretary.

U.T.C.

Since the last report was written, the U.T.C. has been having a strenuous time. No mere outsider can ever realise what we have been through. All through the Second Term, they drilled us and bullied us and jeered at us and barked at us, and then, when we ought to have been going home to our mothers, they drove us off to camp. How shall I ever make you understand what that means? Think of all you have ever read or heard about the Foreign Legion—toiling for hours under the blazing sun, marching for many weary miles along dusty roads, driven by ruthless N.C.O's., tried for the slightest offences and sentenced to dire punishment by iron-hearted officers—all that, and more, we suffered. Dirty boots—one hour extra parade. Late for duty—one hour extra parade. Hair too long—one hour extra parade. When our feet were sore, and we needed a little sympathy—one hour extra parade. When our heads ached, and our backs were nearly broken—medicine and duty. Slope arms, order arms, double march, stand to, stand by, stand back, stand still, wake up, keep quiet, mind the step, swing your arms, fall in, fall out—stormed at by lance-corporals, sweated by sergeants, stared at by generals, and polished up for governors—that, Sirs, is the U.T.C. Camp. But we all lived to return, and when we came back, we brought with us the Willingdon Shield, and all our usual trophies, and the Cross-Country Cup as a 1935 extra. We don't know how we managed it. There seems to be something about us—well, really, the fact is that we're rather smart fellows. Haven't you noticed it?

EXTRA PARADE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF Dr. S. J. THEODORE

By R. Bakthavatsulu, *Post-graduate Student (History).*

He moved among us, breathed the air we breathe,
We were familiar with his voice ; but now
Fled is his spirit and his bones beneath
The earth are hidden. Ah ! so full of love
Had been his heart, so true, so brave, so kind !
The spirit of our college was his spirit.
He pursued Truth, explored the human mind,
Sought what was good and beautiful and did it.
He is not dead ; only his mortal strife
Is ended ; he has wakened from his sleep—
Death is for him the door to deathless life.
He must be happier now. Why should we weep ?
He lives beyond the shadow of our fears
In a lovelier world than this poor vale of tears.

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